WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

ANN HOLGATE SELOUS.
(Née SHERBORN.)

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BY

ANN HOLGATE SELOUS

(*Née* SHERBORN)

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WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

THE OAK.

I LOVE the oak, whose sturdy bole
Bends not for friend or foe.
He flingeth his great arms abroad
Though tempests come and go.
He guardeth well his acorns dear
"My children," crieth he,
"Grow stout and strong for England here,
Or England on the sea."

I love him in the fair spring time,
Waving his gold-green wreath,
When birds are chatt'ring 'mid his boughs,
And boys and girls beneath.
I love him in the shimm'ring light
That moonshine casts around,
With toadstool tables 'mid his roots,
And small elves seated round.

But most I love him when he rides
Gallantly o'er the sea,
Swiftly the ship that bears him flies—
A mighty mast is he :
His great white sails flap to and fro,
Like wings of giant bird ;
When winds shriek, then he heareth,
The sounds that erst he heard.

He thinks then of the forest green,
The small birds' revelrie ;
Yet dear to him the crested wave,
The storm's wild minstrelsy ;
Oh well I love the English oak,
King of the woods is he,
But love him best in the masted ship,
A lord of the sounding sea.

A PRAYER.

Holy Spirit, hovering near me
To my wearied heart give rest.
Hear me, Spirit loved, oh hear me,
Take me to thy quiet breast.

Lullaby

Fold thine unseen arms around me,
Let me feel thy viewless kiss,
Draw my yearning spirit to thee,
Give the weary wand'rer bliss.

Holy Spirit, hovering near me
To my wearied heart give rest.
Hear me, Spirit loved, oh hear me,
Take me to thy quiet breast.

LULLABY.

THE tapers of eve are alight,
Stilled are the noises of day,
Lullaby, sing the hours to the night;
Lul—lullaby
Sings the bird on the wild rose spray.

Sleep comes to the weary and worn,
Dreams to the youthful and gay;
Lullaby, sings the rose to the thorn;
Lul—lullaby
Sings the bird on the wild rose spray.

Lullaby—the sound floats in the air,
Sleep, for it soon will be day,
With day will come labour and care,
Lul—lullaby
Sings the bird on the wild rose spray.

SERENADE.

WAKE, lady mine, the moon is high,
In silver robing dight,
And meteors wild shoot through the sky,
Leaving a pathway white ;
'Tis said the Holy Spirits glide
Adown that silv'ry way,
Then wake while Heaven's gate stands wide,
'Twill close ere peep of day.

Wake, lady mine, 'tis open still,
And sweetest murmurs pour,
Like echoes clear, from mountain rill,
Down through the golden door ;
Wake then, and listen to the night,
Gaze on her visions fair,
While I gaze on those eyes' soft light—
Ah sweet, my heaven lies there.

MATIN SONG.

WAKEN lads and lasses all, the fresh morn steps this way,
Yonder she comes, besprent with dew, and wrapt in mantle gray.

See, she flings loose the tresses fair the burnish'd sun
hath kist,
Adown they roll, they stream away in clouds of gold-
edged mist.

The lark is up, he hears her tread, and her low laugh of
glee,
And from the clouds he sings aloud his hymn of jubilee.
Then waken lads and lasses all, greet morn, she comes
this way,
Shake off dull sleep—night's curtain lifts, morn comes
and brings the day.

THEN AND NOW.

I stood by the flowing river—
It was only a year ago—
My heart was throbbing with pleasure,
And I called to the river "Flow,
Take me and my bark, joy laden, to the shining seas
below,
Whither thy waters gladsome, thy gladsome waters go."

Then the bounding waters bore me,
And I sang, for my heart was gay,
Sang to the hurrying river,
As the glad lark sings to the day.
Sang "Take me onward, river, to the shining seas below,
Whither thy waters sparkling, thy sparkling waters go."

I linger still by the river—
For my wrecked bark lies below,
The waters are cold and cruel
And I wail in my anguish "Go,
Go, leave me here, cold river, to mourn the hopes below,
O'er which thy waters cruel, thy cruel waters flow."

LOVE ENOUGH.

YOUNG Love came wand'ring by, one day
Warm was the sunlight—clouds at play
Were floating mid the blue.
Love said: "Come win the world so wide
I will be ever at thy side,
I've wandered here for you."

With that he took my willing hand,
And we went wandering through the land,
Through worlds all fresh and new;
Day passed, light faded, stars shone bright,
Still we went wandering through the night,
For Love—for Love is true.

It needs not wealth of golden light,
Or Fortune's gifts, or Beauty's might
To make the wide world fair:
The toilsome journey's longest mile,
Or Poverty's stern face will smile
If Love, if Love be there.

A Sea Ride

A SEA RIDE.

Dash on! my white steeds, triumphant I ride,
Borne on the broad breast of the unwilling tide.
Sky only above me, wild waters around,
In my ears the hoarse roar of the surge's rebound.

Steady, steady, my steeds, for up to the skies,
As they shake their white manes, my light vessel flies.
For the wind is my driver, and up, with a leap,
At the touch of his lash, deep calls unto deep.

And the voice of their calling is "Death be the doom
Of the pigmy who dares us, our waves be his tomb."
But on! my white steeds, all fearless I ride,
For my bit's in your mouth and my sail's on your tide.

And vainly ye shake your white manes in the air,
And send to the clouds the hoarse roar of despair,
For wind is my servant, and ocean my slave,
And ye my swift horses, but never my grave.

LOVE LORD OF ALL.

The little Primrose from the bank
To Daisy calls, "I'm here."
The Windflower swings her slender stem,
Tall Daffodil stands near.

Words without Music

The sun is whispering words of love,
And where his glances fall
Warm, blushing beauty clothes the earth,
For Love is lord of all.
The Violet's blue eye is wet—
Warm sun-rays dry each tear;
The small, winged creatures, rushing by,
Cry "Joy, joy—sunshine's here."
Oh Sun lend me some warmth divine,
That where my glances fall,
On Nora's cheek, bright blushes may
Proclaim Love lord of all.

THE LOST ONE.

A LITTLE silly bee, one day,
Drank at a passion bell,
And soon, of his small wits bereft,
All helpless, down he fell.
His brethren found him, just alive,
And bore him straight before
The anxious mother of the hive,
Who chid his folly sore.

"You little drunkard," stern she said,
"When next you poison quaff
Bee, wasp and fly shall summoned be
To stand around and laugh.

In future be a wiser bee,"
But ah, she warned in vain,
The poor lost insect only asked
For strength to quaff again.

ANACREONTIC.

Flow through my veins, in liquid fire,
  Juice of the purple vine!
The earth is drunk with sunshine,
  But I'll be drunk with wine.

The rose's cup is filled, at morn,
  With pure wine, silver bright,
'Tis dew, of golden sunshine born,
  She quaffs it all the night.

Each tree that sun-born wine receives,
  Drinks till its head turns round,
And flights of little drunken leaves
  Come reeling to the ground.

Take, Earth, thy golden sunshine,
  But let the purple vine
Pour through my veins its liquid fire,
  For I'll be drunk with wine.

THE KISS OF MORN.

THE morning shakes her leafy tresses,
Golden-green her ringlets be ;
She stoops her sunny head, and dresses
At her looking-glass—the sea.

The deep, still sea that calmly sleepeth,
Captive 'neath the dreams of night,
Shakes off the spell, and gladly leapeth
Into movement, life and light.

With rapture flushed, he bids his billows
Wake up Earth to joy and glee ;
" Rouse her," he shouts, " from mossy pillows
Tell her Morn has kissed the sea."

THE MESSENGER.

I WHISPERED all my love and hope
Into a lily's cup,
And saw it lift its petals white,
And seal my message up ;
I took the scented messenger
To her I love so dear,
And placed it mid her curly locks
Close by her small pink ear.

The Homecoming

I watched the lily leaves unclose,
I saw the blush and start
That said how well the flower had told
The secret of my heart.

THE HOMECOMING.

Does some good ship bear thee hither,
My son—my hope—my pride?
Face the waters, good ship, proudly,
Safely o'er the billows ride.

No Midsummer breezes fan thee,
Stern December rules the air,
Round thee storm for ever brooding,
As some wild beast in his lair.

Spirits of the loved and lost
Who still remember mine and me,
Keep the ship's brave guardians watchful,
Pilot her across the sea!

GONE TO WILLIE.

Sad and ill upon my couch,
Through the open cottage door,
Gazing o'er the wat'ry waste
Willie's feet have trod before—
"Come away, come away,"
I hear the murmuring surges say.

Words without Music

I watch the path of yellow light,
  Thrown across the quiv'ring blue,
'Tis the path my Willie went
  Long ago—let me go too:
    "Come to-day, come to-day,"
    I hear the whisp'ring surges say.

A vacant chair we found, that eve,
  A boat was missing from the shore,
A dark speck marked the moon's pale beam,
  But *she* returned—ah, never more.
    "Gone to Willie—gone away,"
    I heard the murmuring surges say.

TWO SONGS.

It was the spring-time's revelrie,
  The earth was gaily clad,
And early youth and happy glee
  Made my heart very glad:
    They sang, they sang,
  The nightingales sang jubilee,
      Sang jubilee;
  From out the blooming hawthorn tree
    The joyous chorus rang.

The Rejection

Only one year from that glad day!
I am as young, as fair,
But unkind love has passed my way
And thrown his shadow there;
Yet still they sing:
Oh nightingales! no jubilee,
No jubilee
Rings from the blooming hawthorn tree,
But grief and sorrowing.

THE REJECTION.

ONCE there lived a little maiden
On the lovely southern shore,
Where, men said, no fairer maiden
Ever blessed the world before,
And she laughed and sang alway,
Blythe as bird upon the spray.

To that shore there came a merman,
Lord of raging floods was he,
Loved and wooed her, like a merman,
To his caves beneath the sea;
To reign 'mid foam and ocean spray,
Reign and laugh and sing alway.

Curtsied low the simple maiden:
"Royal sir, it may not be,
I am but an earthly maiden,
I should die beneath the sea,
And could neither sing nor play,
Perched upon a coral spray."

Slow he went—a mournful merman—
Lonely to his coral caves,
And dwelt apart from other mermen,
A dreary life amid the waves;
Sighing 'mid the foam and spray,
Sighing, sighing all the day.

THE CHORD.

TWIN-born in a gorgeous chamber,
Breathed forth from red, smiling lips,
With the cries of the strings, vibrating
'Neath delicate finger tips,
Out-floating through open windows,
On waves of warm summer air,
Caught, then, by the flirting roses
Lingering entranced there—
Soon away to the thousand ears
Of yellow listening grain,
Over the river hovering,
Leaping over the lane—

The Prophetic Dream

Rising, at last, to the white cloud,
Freighted with evening dew;
The cloud heard the earthborn réfrain,
And beckoned from out the blue.

Where then, O strain of earth's music?
To die in the ether thin,
Or ring at the gates of Heaven,
Till some angel bear thee in?

THE PROPHETIC DREAM.

I FLUNG me down, all weary,
On a bank, in blossoms deep,
Their heavy scent oppressed me
And chained my sense in sleep.

I dreamed a form approached me,
A form well known and dear,
The loved voice said, "From across the sea,
Why have you called me here?"

I woke, my soul in tumult,
"I called you not," I cried,
"Yet surely you come gladly
To me, my own dear bride."

Words without Music

The pale flowers parted slowly,
I saw a white hand wave,
But ah! what lay before me?
Between us yawned a grave!

THE ROVER.

Over the sea come roving with me,
My bark has a rainbow sail,
A sunbeam shaft is my taper mast,
And with it we cleave the gale.

There are summer isles in the sunny South,
Where my rainbow sail is known,
There Syrens sing, where tall palm trees fling
Their shade on the white sea foam.

They sing of the joy of the dusky night,
They dance on the shell-strewn sand,
When each star comes down, with his golden crown,
Crying, "'Tis dull in sky-land."

Then over the sea come dancing with me,
And laugh 'neath my rainbow sail;
O'er the ocean vast my sunbeam mast
Flies as it bends to the gale.

The Island of Light

THE ISLAND OF LIGHT.

Swift island of light, skimming over the sea,
Pause for a moment, stay, take me with thee.
A voice calls, eyes shine from the low-flying shore,
The voice that I love, the eyes I adore.

Too late : far before me the dazzling Isle flies,
Bearing away that sweet face, those bright eyes,
Still it flashes afar, a fair distant gleam,
Faint now, now gone, like last year or a dream.

I will seek thee, swift island, o'er the dark sea,
Dark now its surface no longer bears thee:
"Seek not," from afar I hear, low-breathed, yet keen,
"Seek not the vision of what might have been."

THE PLAYMATES.

"Why stay here, lonely little maid?
Upon the breezy hill
Your playmates gaily run and stray,
While you sit here, so still."

"I'm waiting, Sir," she said, "for Ned,
He loves the sea so dear,
I often bring my work, and wait
Till he comes to me here.

"Ned is an angel now, you know,
And wears such pretty wings,
And oh! if you could only hear
The little songs he sings.

"I see him—there—though you cannot,
Riding on yon white crest,
He always comes to play with me,
For we loved each other best.

"Ah, I must go, he'll land up there,
Good-bye, we'll have such fun."
Away she ran, joy made her face
Bright as a little sun.

Now was the child a little mad,
Or did her lost friend, Ned,
In truth come there? I cannot say;
I tell you what she said.

RÉVEILLÉ.

AWAKE! the lark has left his nest,
The dawn is in the sky,
He shakes the dew-drops from his breast,
And wings his way on high,

The Future

To where the lovely upland lawns
  Are spread with turquoise blue.
Dearest, awake! this morn of morns
  Has donned her rosiest hue.

Come, sweetheart, from your world of dreams,
  Come to a world where light
Is rushing down, in dazzling streams,
  To put those dreams to flight:
Then waken, ere the rose of dawn
  Has faded from the skies,
Come and bring love's still fairer morn,
  Shining from those dark eyes.
For see! the lark has soared on high,
  And here, on bended knee,
Thy lover swears, by smile and sigh,
  To live—to die—for thee!

THE FUTURE.

Deep sleep lay heavy on my soul,
  And yet, with vision strong,
I saw my childhood's years unroll,
  All laughter, light and song.
"Give back," I cried, "dear Past, those years,
The Future holds but doubts and fears."

The vision changed—far into space
An unknown road now led;
Sombre with shadows—here and there
With mantling roses red;
A girl's slim fingers plucked the flowers,
Sun-rays fell round in golden showers.

"Past, keep thy years"; I prayed and woke;
And, from that day, I've trod,
With joy, the unknown road where Hope
Strews flowers amid the sod,
And whispers, "*She* plucks roses still,
Where the sun shines by yonder hill."

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

When the ship comes home!
This goblet called Life holds many happy hours,
And we'll pour them out in streams
All full of sunny beams,
When the ship comes home.

When the ship comes home!
We too shall sail with her, o'er a blissful sea,
O'er a blissful sea of joy,
With pleasure for our toy,
When the ship comes home!

Lady Fate

Dancing o'er the foam !
See, she comes, our bonny ship, dancing in her glee,
And the breeze laughs in her sails,
Away with wintry gales,
Summer never fails
When the ship comes home !

LADY FATE.

In the heavy air of the idle noon,
I slept in my garden fair,
And I saw, in a dream, the crescent moon,
While in it, as in a chair,
Sat a woman's form with eyes of flame,
Blue-burning, clear, their keen glance came.

"Seek me," she breathed, "when my silent car
Floats over the dying day,
When eve has called for her first sweet star,
To shine in the sky's soft grey,
Then seek me, seek for my eyes' keen light :
I am Fate, and Fate you shall meet to-night."

That evening I gazed on the crescent moon,
Invoking my lady Fate ;
She was not there—yet I met her soon,
But her earthly name was Kate :
Yes, Kate, bright-eyed Kate, my winsome Fate,
Was star-gazing, too, by my garden gate.

EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTAÑO.

I WANDERED 'mid the roses,
In summer's early prime,
The glad lark sang above me,
And my glad heart kept time—
Time to the bird's sweet music,
Time to his merry lay,
And I kissed the glowing roses
That softly whispered—"Stay."

I sought again that garden,
But found no roses there,
No blossoms drank the morning dew
No bird sang in the air;
And my heart grew sad within me,
And I called to the garden—"Say,
Where are the blooming roses, where
The bird with his merry lay?"

But the garden sighed for answer,
Sighs filled each leafy glade,
And a far-off whisper reached me—
"Pluck roses ere they fade;
List while the gay bird singeth,
Laugh ere yet youth be fled,
For to-morrow the bird is silent
And youth, with its roses, dead."

Spring Song

SPRING SONG.

Oh, merry is the lark's song,
And pleasant is the day,
Cuckoo crying loud and long,
Now near, now far away.

Mount, you little singing bird,
On an untiring wing,
Listen well and bring me word
What songs the angels sing.

You go so near their dwelling,
Perhaps they call you in,
And pet and feed you, telling
How you our praise may win.

The song, dropped down but now,
That in my ear still rings,
You may have learned, I vow,
Amid celestial wings.

Perching upon them lightly,
As perched upon a spray;
Small minstrel, singing brightly,
Come, tell me what they say.

THE YEAR A-MAYING.

THE rook stands cawing by his nest,
The thrushes singing loudly,
And daffodil, in yellow drest,
Bends down her slim throat, proudly.
"What caws the rook, what sings the thrush?"
Gay daffodil is saying;
"Oh, foolish flower," they answer, "Hush,
The year is gone a-maying.

"The pretty year, the young fresh year,
She started yester morning,
Slept 'neath a bush all bare and sere,
'Twas blossom-white at dawning;"
Cried daffodil, with golden flush:
"It was a sweet child playing."
"Nay," cawed the rook, "Nay," sang the thrush,
"'Twas the young year a-maying."

SUNSHINE AT HASTINGS.

ATHWART the sky, through thinnest air,
The yellow sunbeams dart,
Sunshine, sunshine everywhere,
And sunshine in my heart.

Sunwards

The Earth in golden green is drest,
The sea in tender blue,
And each wave wears a feathery crest,
A plume of silver hue.

Bright jewelled sparks come glittering down
On ocean's blue array,
As Night had lent her starry crown
To deck the gorgeous Day.

And happy birds, with noiseless dart,
Sail through the summer air—
Oh, sunshine, sunshine's in my heart
And sunshine's everywhere!

SUNWARDS.

Zephyrs, on your airy pinions
Bear me to yon crimson cloud,
There the smile of daylight lingers,
Untouched by Evening's dusky shroud.

Thence, God of Day, will I pursue thee,
Quit the murky realms of Night,
Night with all her murmuring breezes,
To follow on thy western flight.

"Hark," Night whispers, "stars are burning,
Dian soon her course will run"—
Night and Moon and Stars, I leave ye,—
I follow thee, warm glorious Sun.

MERMAID'S SONG.

We are singing, we are singing,
In our sea-built homes below,
Mortals, on the wild shore straying,
Hear our chorus, and we know.
"Hear the waves," they softly say,
"How they sing and how they play!"

We are singing, we are singing,
And our eyes are glancing bright,
While the burnished waters o'er us
Catch from us their sparks of light:
"See the waves," men whisper low,
"In the sun's beams how they glow!"

Ah, deluded mortals, little
Do ye guess what blue eyes peep
From amid the tangled seaweed,
Dwellers in the azure deep.
Time shall pass on, still oceans flow,
Yet, mortals, this ye'll never know.

SEA-SORROW.

Cruel, treacherous, foaming sea,
Cold at heart, though fair to see,
Where hast thou hid my love from me?

Tuwhit! Tuwhoo!

Cheerily shone the sun, that day,
Warm fell his rays on our broad bay:
My love! they tempted thee away.

Terrible sea! salt are thy waves
With tears of shipwrecked men, thy caves,
Deep down below, are but their graves.

Deep, deep beneath thee is his bed,
Oh, could I weep o'er that dear head!
Give back, O sea, restore my dead!

TUWHIT! TUWHOO!

THE owls cried, in our old elm tree,
  Tuwhit, tuwit, tuwhoo!
I watched one sail across the moon,
He cried again (he flitted soon),
  Tuwhit, tuwit, tuwhoo!
Then, from the lane, I caught again,
In cadence long, the weird refrain:
  Tuwhit, tuwit, tuwhoo!

No earthly fowl shrieks, from the elm,
  That eerie long tuwhoo;
'Tis the wraith of a sad past year
Crying, amid the leaflets sere,
  "I come again—tuwhoo!"

Prophet of ill, my soul defies thee
Thee and thy tuwhoo :
Thou'rt silent now ; ah, far apart
The cry returns ! Is it my heart
That shrieks that wild tuwhoo ?

WIND SONG.

Seraphs swept across the sky,
One raised his sounding harp on high,
Bright and clear, soft and low,
Trippingly the light notes go ;
They fell upon the summer seas,
They played amid the summer trees,
"Welcome," Earth cried, "sweet evening breeze!"

Another singer caught the lyre,
Less sweet his song, with more of fire ;
Down, on vibrating waves of sound,
From world to world his accents bound.
A ship, slow rocking on the ocean,
Has caught the fire, the life, the motion ;
With swelling sail, on the surges' flow,
Joyfully as the strong winds blow,
Merrily on does that great ship go.

"A chorus now," the Seraph cried,
As the melody in silence died ;

Then each one raised his voice, and sang
A song like a thousand trumpets' clang.
In storm it rose, in tempest fell,
Earth's seas rose to meet it, in giant swell,
Her trees so shook, in their jubilant glee,
That their huge boles cracked and fell heavily,
While Music's great spirit, free, unbound,
Borne upon waves of triumphant sound,
Stormily wrapped all Creation round.

THE SHIP.

"WINGED thing, resting
On the broad deep,
Thy white wings folded
In tranquil sleep,
Why tarriest thou
On the salt foam?
Spread wide thy white wings,
Hie away home!"

"The sea is my home;
Ocean's winged child,
I cling to his breast,
Climb his billows wild;
Soon shall I fly where
His wilder waves roll,
But now here I linger,
I wait for my soul."

'What then is thy soul,
White child of the seas?"
The winged thing answered,
"My soul is the breeze."

DAYS OF YORE.

SING to me the old song you sang in happier days,
When love danced gaily with us, through all the sunny ways.

Ah, give to me the glad smile you gave in earlier years,
The joyous smile oft flashed between youth's stormy April tears.

'Neath Afric's burning sun, that song has echoed in my soul,
That smile, remembered, warmed dull ice, beneath the frozen Pole;

I've fortune won 'neath tropic skies, honour 'mid ice and snow:
For thee, for thee I won them—take them and whisper low:

"The old glad days have come again, I sing that song once more,
And smile, again, as erst I smiled, in the dear days of yore."

A PROPOSITION.

Come to my cottage, by the shore
Of the lovely summer sea,
Where the waves foam white in the dazzling light,
Come wander, my love, with me.

Clear as the air your shining eyes,
Your lips the red coral's hue,
Your voice like a sigh from the stars on high,
Falling through evening dew.

My bark is floating at my door,
Launched on the surges' flow,
Its white sail is spread, and the sky o'erhead
Is blue as the blue below.

We will sail through the sunny noon,
Till sunset's red glow is o'er,
Then watch the fair night, one by one, her lamps light,
To guide us back to the shore.

Come then to my blue ocean home,
Whose waves, in their bridal white,
Are laughing with glee, as they whisper of thee,
My life's queen and my soul's delight.

STRONG ROSES.

THE last roses of summer droop low from the tree,
But their beautiful blossoms are mournful to me;
I gaze, as before, on the green flowering bough,
But she who once smiled on them, where is she now?

She has gone, with the dew from the smooth shining leaves,
She has gone, with the breath of the evening breeze,
She has gone far away from the flowers and the light—
But summer's last roses still bloom gay and bright.

Like ye all, she once blossomed, but her bloom has passed;
Strong—stronger than love—was that cold winter's blast:
She drooped and she died; my one rose lies low,
While ye whom she smiled on still rosily glow.

O cruel, strong roses, your slight, fragile forms
Defy the bleak autumn—laugh through its storms;
And now, where my one flower lies cold in her grave,
Strong roses, red roses, triumphant ye wave.

THREE COMPANY.

A LAD and a lass were roaming away,
The lass had a bonny blue 'ee,
The lad, 'most alway, was smiling sae gay,
As swiftly they tripped o'er the lea.

Slumber Song

"And, O bonny lass, how is it," I said,
"Three shadows ye cast on the sod,
And one's tall and slight, with step free and light,
And the shape of a Grecian God?"

"No wizard are ye," the bonny lass cried,
As her een on the third shadow fell.
"Oh, do ye not see True Love walks with me?—
"And he is a god—so folks tell."

SLUMBER SONG.

LET me sleep on, in summer shine,
Only the world of dreams be mine.
The warm air sings 'mid summer leaves,
And on my slumbrous eyes
Quick shadows fall, like summer pall,
Or sunshine in disguise,
So dark they fall where light has been,
And yet so softly grey,
I scarce wish back the glory's track,
Scarce bid the shadows stay—
But dream, in shade and sunshine,
That Fairyland is mine.

I scarce can raise my heavy lids,
To watch the lilies blow,
Scarce count the time by cuckoo's chime,
Scarce smile, scarce sigh, and so—
Let me sleep on in golden shine,
Only the world of dreams be mine.

SUMMER COME.

God Bacchus, keep thy vintage,
  Its royal purple dye
Fast fades before the rapture
  Of summer's softest sigh;
A sunbeam is her garment,
  Her bodice is the rose,
She comes! she's here! whence comes she?
  Ah, that no mortal knows.

Yestre'en was grey and chilly,
  No scent was on the breeze,
My heart was sad and heavy,
  Though Spring had touched the trees;
But, this morn, where is cold Spring?
  Summer has crossed the sea—
From Heaven I think—I know not,
  Yet feel she comes for me.
Then, Bacchus, keep thy vintage,
  Thy red wine flowing free,
Summer, my worshipped Goddess,
  Has come—and come for me!

No Song To-Night

NO SONG TO-NIGHT.

Ask me for no song to-night
For my heart is full of woe;
Tears, burning, bitter, dim my sight,
Music would make them flow.

This day, two weary years ago,
My true love sailed away,
To cruel ice and glittering snow,
To the long, long, polar day.

So heavily I slept last night
That my free'd spirit fled
To where the flickering northern lights
Tinged the dull ice with red.

I saw my true love—on his cheek
Warm fell that dying glow—
Clasped the dear form I came to seek,
'Twas cold—and dead—and so—

Ask me for no song to-night
For my heart is full of woe;
Tears bitter, burning, dim my sight,
Music would make them flow.

OUR DESCENDANTS.

A DREAM.

THEY shall rule where we have reigned,
From our cushioned seats by the fire :
They shall gallop our favourite steeds,
And enjoy our heart's best desire :
While the beauty we loved to trace
In its early rosiest bud,
They shall see in the maiden's face,
All aglow with her carmine blood.
The boy with my Mother's sweet eyes,
So eager, so bold, and so gay,
They will watch, as we too once watched
Our boys, in the days far away.
And I? Shall I be 'neath the daisies,
As so many of us have thought,
Lying so still through the ages,
Nought seeing, and questioning nought?
No, I shall be in a wider—
In a freer, a fairer world,
Abroad I shall be in the sky,
Now watching the thunderbolts hurl'd,
Now passing into your dwellings,
There see beauty's bright bud unrolled,
And my Mother's eyes still shining
In a face that I loved of old ;

And there you will all come to me,
Where, with husband, son, friends, I dwell,
With me watch the whirling planets,
Or study life's primitive cell;
With me know the great minds of old,
Whose thoughts make this sad earth seem bright,
As strewn roses brighten black crape,
Or as stars enliven dark night;
The great men and women of old—
The diamond dust of old Time,
Do they still weave the magical tale?
Are they still the great masters of rhyme?
A glorious dream! Dream is it?
No,—but rather a vision clear,
For why if it is not a truth,
Why, oh why have I sojourned here?
So often in pain and sorrow,
So seldom at rest or in bliss—
Oh it needs the world that I dream of,
To requite me for living in this.

THE SWIFT SHIP.

THE white ship is coming, winged child of the Sea,
Laden with tidings for England and me;
O'er the green, tumbling billows she hurries along,
While the wind whistles loud and the foam breaks in song.

Why call the ship white? and where are her wings?
No longer the wind in her pale vesture sings,
No longer she bears the tall, tapering mast,
Black smoke trails behind her—her glory is past.

No longer the sport of the winds and the waves,
Her own course she holds, nor help from them craves;
There is fire in her bosom, black coal in her hold,
And they bear her along through the sun's setting gold,
Through his ruddy up-rising, his heat and his cold,

On the breath of the fire she hastes through the day,
And all night that white breath bears her away—
Away from far Africa, over the sea,
Back with glad tidings for England and me.

Oh fair was the beauty of white swelling sail,
As oft the ship lingered, at play with the gale;
But tidings came slowly that came o'er the sea,
Too slowly for England, too slowly for me.

Then welcome, swift ship, red fire in her breast,
And long, streaming plume of white steam, for a crest
Oh best of all ships that sail the wild sea
Is the swift ship that brings my hero to me.

IN VERANDA—WINDY DAY.

WHERE does the music come from?
I hear it all around—
Beneath the trees, amid the trees,
And sometimes from a cloud;
It is not like the joyous birds,
I know their glad strains well,
But this is sad, I'm sure it comes
From where sad mourners dwell.
Hark to that long-drawn weary sigh,
It rises from the sod—
And now again 'tis clear, 'tis glad,
And now it plays above.
It plays with a triumphant sound,
It seems to shake the sky,
And loudly cries "I'm Music's self,
On wings of air I fly."
It is the Seraph Music,
With the wild wind at play,
Ah, hear it now, again it swells,
And now it dies away—
"My child, not from the airy breeze,
Not from the lowly sod,—
From starry, far-off deeps resounds
The orchestra of God."

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

HERE I am as one wished to have me,
Laughing and gleeful of lip and of eye,
I see your thought, as your glance rests on me,
Is "Sorrow and grieving will pass her by."

'Tis your thought, but go to the graveyard yonder,
See how gay flowers break the dull gloom ;
And red laughing roses, see and remember,
While they laugh, cling fondly round many a tomb.

FRANCE TO THE FRENCH.

"COMFORT, comfort ye, my people."
Hear the words of bleeding France
Calling to her weeping children,
"Rise from Horror's dead'ning trance.
Gloomy is the dreadful present,
Yet the clouds may roll away,
Let thoughts of to-morrow's vengeance
Lighten the black to-day.

"Lo, the past sends mighty shadows,
Paints upon the smoke-thick air
Broken hosts of flying English,
And a woman's form is there,
Cheering onward France's children,

And her voice's trumpet tone
Calls to us across the ages,
Cries to us—(as all alone
We mourn our dead in tears and anguish)
'Rise France, arise—sheathe not the sword,
Ye, who once broke the Briton's yoke,
Will ye shrink from the Gothic horde?'

"No—by Poland's dying anguish,
By Hungary's blood and tears,
Though we bow to the dreadful Present,
Yet, in the coming years,
We will rise as Italy rose
When she shook off the German tread,
We will keep, of the German host,
Only the dying and dead—
And our homes shall rise from their ashes,
And ruddier our wines shall glow,
That they spring from a vine, deep-rooted
In the heart of a Prussian foe—

"Comfort, comfort ye, my people,
Though we weep o'er our children slain,
Yet the blood poured out like water
Shall rise from the earth again—
It shall rise in storm and tempest,
With fire, and sword and lance,
Rise with the heart of a nation,
And hurl the Goth from France.'

CHORUS OF SPRING FLOWERS.

SHINE, O Sun, give us our play,
Let us be glad all our short day!
Sun, you have long months for shining,
Such clouds, for dresses, to be fine in,
Sparkling chains of falling rain
You love so, you call back again,
And scarves—such scarves! gold—blue—and red.
Four weeks, and then our days are dead,
And we and all our kindred lie
Prone on the earth, with bitter cry;
Our month, our one month dressed in grey,
The pretty birds all hidden away,
No playful Zephyrs stirring round,
Only the East wind's dreary sound.
O golden King of happy hours,
Your absence kills our vital powers.
Oh send us warmth, oh hear our cry,
So may we live before we die.

FABLE FOR FRED III.

Rosebuds looked down from the Bungalow wall,
Looked down on a lovely sight,
Then one of them said—she was wisest of all
The lovely things that Roses we call—
"All these have come in one night.
'Tis the stars come down, they're not now in the sky,
They have come to us in their might,
The great Seraph, Colour, has come with them
From his home in the glowing Sunlight."
Said another—"Rosebuds, you only behold,
Tulip so gay, and Daffodil bold,
Pansy in royal purple drest,
And many a flower in a golden vest,
And many that hold up a scarlet crest,
High as they can towards Heaven's blue floor,
To thank the warm sunlight and still ask for more."
Said the first Rose, "I know they are beautiful stars,
Down they have come on their shining cars,
And are resting, still, by our Bungalow wall,
Just to prove that we Roses, so bright and so tall,
Are yet not so bright as things can be, above,
In a land that men call a Heaven of love."

Said the second young Rose, "You're too wise for me,
I'm quite enough pleased with the land that I see,

I love all these pretty things blooming below—
And anything prettier I don't wish to know."

Then the Birds that had silently listened, so long,
Burst out in full chorus, and this was their song ;
"So we keep the sweet flowers, the high stars may go—
For anything prettier *we* don't wish to know."

SOLILOQUY—SHORE, ST. HELENA.

THEY die, they die, our children die,
Our wives, our mothers too—
The mothers who once nursed us,
The wives so staunch—so true ;
And we, the fathers, far away
Beyond the ocean brine,
Oh, bitter is our food, to-day,
With salt, salt tears for wine.
They die, they die, our children die,
We never more shall see
The laughing eyes, the joyous smiles
That filled our homes with glee.

Their mothers would not leave them,
They shrank from the childrens' foe,
They clasped their arms around them,
And together they rest below.

Soliloquy—Shore, St. Helena

Below—but near by the noisome camp
Which drank their young fresh lives—
Flung, flung away, as useless clay,
Our children and our wives.

How know you this? We're far away,
But the waves their message bring,
Their dying words come to us
On the rushing wild wind's wing;
"We die," they cry, "our children die,
Oh fathers, husbands, hear—
We cannot let them go alone
Now they have learnt to fear—
But we send you our dying words
And we know they will reach each ear;
Avenge us, hear our dying voice,
So shall our hearts once more rejoice."

Yes, yes, the message comes,
And, by our children dead
And our dead wives, we swear
To drive from our land their murderers
Turn the tigers to their lair,
For not in noble warfare
Have those we love been slain,
No, childhood, sacred childhood
Prayed for them in vain :—
Oh, children, murdered children,

The time seems long, but Fate
Shall one day take these cruel men
The message of our hate—
We are men of enduring race,
And hatred knows how to wait.
Then our wives' broken spirits,
Now chained to our children's graves,
Shall burst their bonds, exult, and rise
To where those murdered children
Await them in far-off skies.

GOOD-BYE, WINTER—A GLAD GOOD-BYE.

Spring is here and summer coming,
Hark how the birds are singing,
The young year's joybells ringing.
Flowers are blooming, bees are humming,
For Spring is here and Summer's coming;
Good-bye Winter, a glad good-bye.

Summer is coming! Summer is here!
Beautiful Summer wreathed with flowers—
Summer, led here by the happy hours,
But where is sweet Spring? Oh where has she fled?
Sad is my Summer if sweet Spring be dead.

Well-a-Day

Come again, Spring, come, come again.
Good-bye, Summer, a sad good-bye,
Autumn is coming, must Summer fly?
Autumn brings Winter, and many a flower
Will droop and die in his stormy hour;
Already, already his frozen breath
Is bringing the pale Earth silence and death:
The young Spring has had her beautiful morn,
Summer has blossomed, Autumn has gone,
Come back to us, Summer, dear thy day,
Stay with us, Autumn, keep Winter away;
But she only sends Earth a weary sigh—
Good-bye, Autumn, good-bye, good-bye.

WELL-A-DAY.

Tell me, little blooming flower,
Why so gay?
Thou bloomest but one little hour,
Then fad'st away.
"Well-a-day, well-a-day," did the little flow'ret say.

Nay but tell me, blossom mine,
Why so fair?
Was it, for a little time,
To deck my hair?
"Well-a-day, well-a-day," was all the little flower did say.

"What meaneth 'well-a-day?'" I cried,
"Say little flower,"—
But the little bloom had died—
Slain in an hour.
No more the little voice did say—"Well-a-day, well-a-day."

THAMES MAGIC.

"Dost thou still hide, O silver Thames, in some lone secret cave,
The faces fair, once mirrored in thy smooth and burnished wave?
In the old days, far backward—long, long e'er I was born—
What bright eyes flashed upon thee, from this old mossy lawn!
Forth from thy secret places yield those features back, O Thames,
Give back one proud face flushing 'neath its coronet of gems;
Give back the stately cavalier who, ancient legends say,
Wrought on that wild, proud heart, to fling the coronet away,
And when love failed, O silver stream, she chose the silent wave
She'd loved in youth, to flow above her hidden unwept grave;

Give back her face, O Father Thames, for pity and for ruth,
Restored to life and love and all the graces of her youth."
By soft moonlight, at midnight's hour, the river whispered low:
"Then come to me, no breeze must sigh, all smooth my stream must flow,
Then thou shalt see each graceful form once mirrored on my breast,
The young, the fair, the debonair, who now in churchyard rest:—
(For I keep each soft reflection on my broad bosom thrown,
They grace the sounding galleries where I must reign alone).
But ask me not to show thee, then, that lady, fair and proud,
Who sought from me oblivion dark, beneath a silvery shroud:
Who comes to me, for shelter, firm I clasp them to my heart,
And I keep them there, for ever, from the harsh world apart;
I keep them in my secret caves, and still she dwelleth there,
The beauty whom thou seekest now; come then—but have a care,
For she will call thee, soft and low, call thee with words of power

That few withstand of those who hear, at midnight's
charmèd hour."

I told the river I would come, and still I mean to go,
At still midnight, when soft moonlight makes all his waves
to glow,
But last midnight, the moon shone bright, and all the air
was clear,
I went half-way, then suddenly my heart stood still with
fear.
For I could hear a soft low voice speak to me from the
wave,
It spoke to me with words of power, it lured me to my
grave.
Though horror froze me, still I went, I could not choose
but go,
Though all my heart and all my soul and all my will
said no.
The voice still called me, still I went, I reached the
river soon—
Some blessed Angel broke the spell, clouds gathered o'er
the moon,
The sweet voice ceased, the water stirred, a rushing wind
swept by,
My heart cast off its load of fear, my limbs were free to
fly.
I rushed back to my chamber, there I hid me in my bed ;
I think, perhaps, it was a dream, but still a thrill of dread

Keeps me back from the river now,—where yet I mean
to go,
Next year, when the midnight moon shines clear, and the
waves are all aglow.

MAY.

LAUGHING, laughing all the way,
See, she comes—the jocund May;
Haste to greet, with merry cheer,
The happy girlhood of the year:
Lad and lass run out to play,
Keep green earth's great holiday;
Seize her, hold her, make her stay,
Happy, laughing, buxom May.

A CHILD PLAYING AMIDST GLASS ORNAMENTS AT SUNSET.

THE light fell on her pure pale cheek,
And on her yellow hair,
It decked and fring'd her silken robe
With golden border rare.

It touched the iv'ry keys 'mid which
Her childish fingers stray'd,
It seemed to love to listen, while
She softly, sweetly played.

And softly sang a rare old song
Of hapless love gone by,
While the sweet, changing face grew sad,
And the sunbeams seemed to sigh.

Anon she struck a bolder chord
That told some martial story,
And the quivering beams around
Flashed into rainbow glory.

They made the room a temple, decked
With gems from richest mine,
And they crowned my little player,
Sole Priestess of the shrine.

THE SYREN.

'Twas fabled of old that a syren dwelt
Beneath the salt sea wave,
And tempted man in a sweet, sweet song
To a cold untimely grave.

And mariners, oft, in those ancient days,
Saw, by the soft moonlight,
The tresses so long, and the foam-white limbs
Of the singing water sprite.

But the men whom faith gave power to see,
Passed—so the syren died;
But she made a will, and she left her voice
In charge to the salt sea tide.

Memory

To be borne to earth's silvery rivers,
  There 'mid their reeds to sing—
For the sweet, sweet voice was the syren's soul,
  And still chants the selfsame thing.

Still sings to the wretched, in accents low,
  Singeth of peace and rest,
Far away from misery, shame and woe,
  In the river's quiet breast.

They hear, as of old, and with soul enthralled
  By the false syren tongue,
They dare the wild leap, they sleep the cold sleep
  Of death, the tall reeds among.

Oh ye who are sad, to my warning list,
  Come not to the river nigh,
For the syren voice, from its clear cold depths,
  Still calleth to man to die.

MEMORY.

Ah! happy hours that passèd be,
The fallen leaves of life's green tree;
As Autumn clothes the leaflets sere—
The dying darlings of the year—
In robes of gold and crimson hue,
So Memory throws her spell o'er you;
Ye pass, yet, passing, find no night,
Embalmèd in her magic light.

1893.

Bells of Old Year, throb out your slow farewell
Over the snow!
Over the snow, in a mournful knell,
The sad sounds go;
Oh wintry night, oh poor Old Year!
To pass away
By untried paths, 'neath starlight clear,
From thy last day,
The saddest day of all thy year,
The year thou madest, once, so fair, so dear.

1894.

Bells of New Year, scarce jubilant ye sound
Across the snow,
The ringing notes are all around,
Hope calls to Woe;
Through untried paths, through starlight clear
They call Old Year,
Loud they call to the poor Old Year
These words of cheer,
"The hearts you blessed, oh dying Year,
Still will they prize, still will they call thee dear."

Poor Winter

The past is past: now ring out, gladly gay,
For future loves;
Now tell of past griefs rolled away,
The New Year comes!
Joy in his shapely arms he bears,
And, on his brow,
Proudly Hope's starry chaplet wears,
For he reigns now;
Hear the Bells say,
"Rejoice! far off the chilling day
Thyself, grown old, must tread the unknown way."

POOR WINTER.

Oh the merry, merry Spring-time,
Hark how the thrushes sing!
And oh, what living fragrance floats
On the cool breeze's wing.
It is the young Year's vital breath,
Breaking stern Winter's chain,
Spring up, ye flowers, and see the sky,
Rush, rivers, to the main,
For ye are free, the tyrant cold
Has lost his strength—is worn and old.

And yet—poor Winter! low he lies,
Within his heart this thought,
Ye loved the glitt'ring ice and snow,
The pastime that I brought,

Gaily ye burned the old Yule log,
With Christmas dance and glee,
Then why not keep, though I grow old,
A kindly thought for me?
The pretty flowers no tears will shed
When blackbirds whistle—"Winter's dead!"

A PLEASURE TRIP.

The sea is all purple and gold,
The bark has a rose-coloured sail,
For Pleasure is going to sea,
And Zephyr has brought his best gale.

Boy Cupid has taken the helm,
The mermaids crowd after her track,
The Sun sends a warm crimson flame,
And Earth cries "Dear Pleasure, come back."

But no: she is going to sea,
Young Pleasure has taken her flight,
A rose-coloured sail is her wing,
Day's great glowing orb is her knight.

RHYME.

Consoling friend, poor talent mine
Thy mistress loves thee well,
And builds with thee, by rhyme and line,
A house wherein to dwell.
Its walls hung o'er with pictures fair,
Its garden gay with bloom,
A distant view, wild, mystic, rare,
Of mingled light and gloom.

There often do I, musing, roam,
For the domain is mine—
Mine, little talent, my soul's home—
But the fairy gift was thine.

It came to me in childhood's hours,
Touched childhood's griefs with light,
O'er life's rough footpath scattered flowers,
Star-gemmed her darkest night.
Consoling friend, when earth's dear shore
I quit for death's wide sea,
When hope and life, and love seem o'er,
Dear gift, still speak to me.

THE CLOUD.

Upon a mountain's rocky breast
A little cloud was born,
All silv'ry 'neath the moon's pale light,
Rosy at ruddy dawn.

"Come to me," said the golden sun,
"Too cold thy rocky nest,
Feel Love's warm kisses on thy brow,
His sunshine on thy breast."

"Nay, stay with me," the mountain cried,
"I've rocked thee in these arms,
Pillowed thy form on softest snow,
Sheltered thee from all harms."

But ah! ambition fired her heart,
For the bright sun she sighed,
She had her wish—the sun she kissed,
But of that kiss she died.

NIGHT ON THE THAMES.

Away from the heat and the hurry,
Away from the laughter and light,
I threw myself, fevered and weary,
On the cool, soft bosom of Night.

Night on the Thames

What music she made for my pleasure!
What scenes she unrolled to my view!
As I drifted down the broad river,
Alone with the stars and the dew.

The reeds, rustling near me, were full of
Still sounds, as if myriad things,
Sleeping and dreaming, in slumber,
Were lazily flapping their wings.

Then whispered the stream to the lilies,
"Wake, open your gold eyes, and play,'
But the lilies—"The day is over,
We dream, dream the sweet night away."

There were sounds in the blue above me,
Misty shapes in the starlit night—
I know well there echoed around me
The swift tread of the hosts of light.

For they come in the dreamy stillness
That wraps round the slumbering earth,
They come from the blue fields of ether,
To glide o'er green meadows of earth.

Then kind night sent a star to greet me,
Down it shot from its golden throne,
And made in the blue empyrean
A narrow white path of its own.

And up by that narrow, white pathway—
Up and up to that golden throne
Where waited, so longingly, for me,
The soul that I loved as my own—

My own soul went forth with a rapture,
And dwelt there, in heaven, awhile,
Then came back, on the summer lightning,
Down-flashing to earth, like a smile.

Blest hour of still evening quiet,
Dear dream of past pure delight,
Dreamt alone, on the lonely river,
In the arms of the whisp'ring night.

THE VISION.

"One night, 'twas but a week ago,
You wandered by the shore,
To see the moon rise; I would know
If you saw nothing more?

"For, since that time, you've scarcely smiled:
Ah! sure some witching fay
Or damsel fair, belated,
Stole your gay heart away.

The Vision

"Oh, is she dark, or is she fair
The maid for whom you sigh?"
Thus spake I, jesting, to my friend,
And thus he made reply.

"Nought saw I on the lonely beach,
Nor fay, nor lovely dame,
But to my midnight pillow
A fearful warning came.

"That night the sun set redly,
With dull and angry glow,
I watched the darkening waters,
From the rocky shore below.

"And though heaven was blue o'erhead,
Yet, in the distant west,
The sea heaved 'gainst an angry sky,
As heaves some storm-stirred breast.

"And I thought upon my brother,
Sailing that stormy main,
And prayed 'Heaven keep thee, brother!
Heaven send thee home again!'

"And my thoughts went back, unbidden,
To our days of boyish glee,
When we swam the stream together,
Together climbed the tree.

"And memory lit her kindly torch,
And showed the merry boy,
With bright blue eye and ringing laugh,
Who made our home's chief joy.

"Oh! why did'st thou, the best beloved
Of all our household band,
Choose, for thy home, the treacherous sea,
Forsake the steadfast land?

"'Twas late when I turned homewards,
To seek my nightly rest,
And I heard the mutt'ring of the storm
That raged in the far west.

"I soon slept, but my slumber
Was full of restless fear,
Unheard, yet felt, the storm-fiend
Seemed ever hovering near.

"And then a cold, wet hand
Was laid upon my brow,
I started from my slumber—
'Who touched me, even now?'

"And by me stood my brother,
With his form of manly grace,
And the dear old smile we loved so
Was shining on his face.

The Vision

"I know not how I saw him,
No light was in the room,
But the well-known upright figure
Was painted on the gloom.

"No fear I felt, no terror;
Nor wondered, at the time,
But gazed into the kind blue eyes
That kindly gazed on mine.

"And said, 'At last, my brother,
Thou art come from o'er the sea;
Oh! I could weep for joy, brother,
Glad will our mother be.

"'But thou art cold and wet, brother,
The rain streams from thy hair,
Let me seek food and fire, brother—'
Then something stayed me there.

"A sudden nameless terror bade
Each bounding pulse be still,
Then again I felt, upon my brow,
That touch, so light, so chill.

"And he said,—it was his own voice
Though it seemed to come from far—
He said, 'Farewell, my brother,
I go where no men are;

"Death sought me in the distant storm
You watched, this very night,
But the yearning wish to see thee,
Stayed my soul's upward flight.

"'Farewell'—the sound died faintly,
And from my straining sight
And darkening room, the phanton
Slow faded into night."

* * * * *

Such was the tale he told me,
The morrow proved it true,
E'en as he told it to me
I tell it unto you.

He dreamt,—each wise man sayeth.
Perhaps? I am not wise,
And think that no man knoweth
The Spirits' mysteries.

LOST.

Gone—the child thou gav'st me—gone, God of all creation:
I will seek her, Lord, in thy vast starry sea,
Give me wings, swift wings,—the wings of death—salvation
In that wide search alone exists for me.

Lost

What though one angel more in thy broad heaven shine,
Still, Lord, thou gav'st her me, thou gav'st, and she is mine.

She calls, she needs me, Lord; thou wilt not bid me linger
A tortured prisoner in this house of clay.
Break these frail walls, let my vexed spirit wing her
Way from this earth; here I no more can stay,
For she has gone—where, where? Almighty, grant some sign,
And I will seek: thou gav'st her me, and she is mine.

The angels of thy stars will know whom I am seeking—
The lonely soul that pines for home and love—
Will say, "Seek Arcturus, ask Sirius;" gently speaking,
"We too, poor soul, will seek for thy lost dove,"
For they know, thy angels know, thou gav'st her me for mine,
Thou gav'st, and I have bought, with love almost divine.

Again I hear her voice, she calls from far away,
'Mid those deep depths all earthly heights above;
Oh set me free from earth, for here I cannot stay;
Hear, Mighty Being whose greatest name is Love.
The angels of thy stars they do not call her thine,
Thou gav'st her to me, Lord—in death's life still she's mine.

IMITATED.

WHERE the lark sings, there sing I;
On a white cloud's edge I lie:
There I crouch when night is nigh.
On the lightning I do fly,
Rapidly, rapidly—swift hours rush by,
Chasing the meteors that shoot through the sky.

Where the fish swim, there swim I;
In the shells where pale pearls lie
I do peep, when winds do cry,
After sunset, drearily:
Hastily, hastily, I flit away,
To sleep, with the lark, till Phœbus brings day.

BUY MY VIOLETS.

BUY my violets!
Gathered when the day was new;
See their pretty eyes of blue,
Filled with tears of morning dew.

Buy my violets!
Fresh are they, and very sweet,
Arrayed in purple robe so neat,
E'en for a crownèd queen most meet.

"Sweet Remembrancer"

Buy my violets!
I would not sell them, were not I
A child of grinding poverty;
I must sell—or I must die.

Buy my violets!
Well will they look 'mid yellow hair,
Soft will they lie on bosom fair;
Buy, lady, buy—and place them there.
Buy my violets!

"SWEET REMEMBRANCER."

Oh, the dew was on the grass,
The bird sang on the spray,
Upon the bright spring morning
When bloomed the scented may;
And my love wandered with me;
Her sweet face, like a flower,
And sweeter voice, seemed to me
The soul of the happy hour.

Now the dew has left the grass,
The bloom has left the may,
The face has faded from me,
That beamed on me that day.
And summer's glow is dull,
And autumn's fruit is sour,
And my heart, my heart, is sad
With thoughts of that vanished hour.

Yet sometimes a joyous strain
  Pours from a cloud on high;
No lark;—'tis her spirit sings
  A song to me from the sky.
Ah, then rests my weary heart,
  Still'd is life's sense of pain,
Her form comes near in the cloud,
  Her voice in the joyous strain.

DEAD JOYS.

Wake, Memory, wake,
Bring back the charmèd hours—
When my soul wandered
'Mid life's fairest flowers.

Cheer this lonely eve
With thoughts of long-past days,
When Love strayed with me
Through the happy ways.

Hope smiled on me,
And Time, with aspect kind
Still stealing present joys,
Left fairer yet behind.

Nay, Memory, nay,
But let the dead joys sleep,
Their pale ghosts make the silence
Of lone hours more deep.

SUGGESTED?

If I were like the birds,
And you were like the tree,
I'd haunt each tender leaflet
Drooping o'er silvery streamlet
And flow'ry field; my words
In song should flow for thee,
If I were like the birds
And you were like the tree.

If you were like the ships,
And I were like the breeze,
I'd linger amid your sails,
Bring you, on scented gales,
Kisses from Mermaids' lips,
As you sailed o'er love-smoothed seas,
If you were like the ships
And I were like the breeze.

If you, my love, were sleep
And I an airy dream,
I'd come, in warrior guise,
To your sweet dreaming eyes—
Those veiled eyes soft and deep
'Neath lids hued like cream,
If you, my love, were sleep
And I an airy dream.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RIVER'S such a pleasant friend,
So full of life and glee;
If you've a mind your life to end
He cries, "Come, visit me;
I'll add your life to all my life—
It's none too much for me."

Or, if you're idle, take a boat,
And on his broad back ride;
He'll show you where his lilies float,
And many a bloom beside;
Murmuring, "I am idle too,"
He'll dawdle by your side.

Art gay? Oh, who so gay as he!
As merry as the morning,
He calls, "You gay ones, bend o'er me;
I've smiles for your adorning;
No gaiety's too much for me.
For grief I've only scorning."

Art wild with passion—joy or woe?
What magic in his tide!
As your heart beats, the river leaps,
And madly on you ride.
"With me," he cries, "to the wide, wide sea;
Leap over its leaping waves with me."

THE PURPLE ISLANDS.

I SAILED, one morn, in a gallant ship,
A fairy ship of the air,
And high on its snowy wings I rose,
Above earthly realms of care.

I sailed away to the golden West,
Where the Purple Islands lay,
Nor slacken'd speed till my sails were furl'd
In a calm and shelter'd bay,

Whose waves broke on slopes of em'rald green,
Cool-shaded by giant trees,
And the od'rous breath from their gorgeous blooms
Was borne to me by the breeze.

There stray'd, 'neath the trees, a glitt'ring throng,
And one of majestic height
Waved me a greeting, then pushed from shore
A boat that seemed made of light.

That bright form was my glorious prince,
Hastening to welcome me,
Who came, from the distant planet Earth,
To him, in the ship *Faerie.*

With him I dwelt on the Purple Land,
In a palace of magic light ;
Together we strayed through mystic woods,
Or sailed in the moonlit night.

And strange things hap'd in that island bright,
For the fairy folk dwelt there.
Sea maidens we saw through the waters glide,
Dim forms thronged the purple air.

We bathed in light from the setting sun,
We revell'd in rosy dawn,
Till I quite forgot the dull cold Earth,
The planet where I was born.

Deep in the forest, 'twas whispered, dwelt
Magicians of mighty powers,
And far away in the distance dim
Rose Camelot's many towers.

How long I dwelt there I cannot tell,
It seemed full many a day,
While good ship *Faerie* folded her wings,
At rest in the tranquil bay.

But I saw, at last, her sails unfurled,
And now they seemed black as night,
While, all in a mist, dissolv'd away
My island of purple light.

The Purple Islands

I sail'd again, but the air was cold,
And the rosy light all gone,
Then I swooned with grief, but soon awoke
To a cold, grey, earthly dawn.

And my bright isles, in a golden sea?
I looked for them all in vain,
Though sometimes, still, at the sunset hour,
My fancy sees them again.

But my friends say that my ship was Youth,
Or else it was Poesie,
While some declare I sail'd in a dream,
In the good ship *Faerie*.

Yet I know I sail'd to that witching Isle,
And lived in its purple gleam;
Oft do my dreams go back to its shore—
Say, can I dream of a dream?

PRIMROSES.

HERE are Primroses—
They fell from Flora's lap, last night,
And see! they still are pale with fright,
Though Zephyr, on his scented wing—
Scented with all the flowers of Spring—
Brought them down to the cheated earth,
Who fondly thinks she gave them birth;
A tear stood in each golden eye,
At early morn, as I passed by,
Poor pale Primroses.

I took them from their mossy bed,
To weave a crown for thy bright head;
Flora stole them from Paradise,
For thy curls; gazing on thine eyes,
Scarce will they mourn their native skies.
Happy Primroses!

AT BIARRITZ.

IN A SEA CAVE.

This fair day is Sunday,
And this my church shall be,
This wild cave of wonder
Hung o'er the wilder sea.

How the strong tide rolls in,
All laced with creamy white;
Never yet was preacher
In such rich robing dight.

It speaks—that mighty tide,
It hath a tale to tell,
Told in voice of thunder—
A sermon preach'd right well.

The service lacketh nought,
For deep-toned organ's swell,
Roar Atlantic surges,
Deep booms the seaman's knell.

For the tinted window,
Rose, crimson, gold, and blue,
See the spray, sun-painted
With arch of rainbow hue.

For the congregation,
The deep-toned organ stills,
Listening, stand around
The everlasting hills.

Echoes roll their answer,
Low bow their forests, when
Earth, from her hollow depths,
Gives back the loud Amen.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

Earth and earth's nations call on me,
The Spirit of the Spring,
They bid me bring life, joy, and hope,
Upon my balmy wing ;
Nature, men grieving say, lies dead—
Hope and joy from earth have fled.

When waning Summer sank to rest,
When Autumn coldly sighed,
She clasped her darlings to her breast,
And kissed them till they died ;
Then, seeing them so pale and still,
She could not choose but weep,
So wildly wept and grieved until
She sank, herself, to sleep.
But I know where they lie in their snowy bed,
I'll rouse the sleepers, I'll waken the dead.

The Spirit of Spring

For I am the Spirit of Spring,
And Death from my charmèd breath flies away,
As the mournful night from the radiant day—
Yes, I am the Spirit of Spring.

Hark! they waken now to greet me.
Hark! the tiny joy-bells ring,
Pealing from the heathy moorlands,
Whisp'ring by the mossy spring;
Snowdrop stirs in her chilly bed,
Hyacinth lifts her curly head,
Daisy blushes with glad surprise,
Primrose opens innocent eyes,
While, in the valley's deepest dells,
Sweet lily chimeth her fairy-bells,
And fern, fast bound in winter cell,
Heareth and knoweth that chime right well.
Soon will sleeping Nature wake,
For her children call—
They call from valley, from hill, from lake,
To their fair Mother to awake,
Awake and cheer them all.

I have kissed her pale lips, have pressed her cold
hand—
Hope and joy are again in the land,
For Nature awakes, awakes and rejoices,
Laughs as she hears the tiny voices
And the low, sweet call;

Feels the warm rays of the skies' bright Lord,
Knows that the Spirit of Spring is abroad.
Yes, I am the Spirit of Spring,
And Death from my charmèd breath flies away,
As the mournful night from the radiant day,
Yes, I am the Spirit of Spring.

THE RAVEN.

To the battle the Chieftain rode away,
Great honour, great glory crowned him, that day,
And a belted Earl he rode home, that night,
Who left, in the morning, a simple knight.
The Raven croaked loud from an ivied tree;
"Ho, ho, but I'm as happy as he,
A bonny red meal he has left for me."
And he eyed the battle-field hungrily.

His King gave him titles and acres wide,
A castle he built, in his hour of pride,
With his 'scutcheon blazoned o'er ev'ry door,
To tell of his glory, for ever more.
The Raven croaked loud, 'neath an old oak-tree:
"And I too will build, oh, proud Earl," quoth he,
As he buried an acorn vigorously,
"And build—croak, croak, croak—yet stronger than thee."

Then swift Time sped onwards; 'mid woodlands wild,
Fair, in stately beauty, the castle smiled:
Plumed knights, fairest ladies, within her gate,
While well-armed retainers around her wait.
The Raven flew back from over the sea,
Sought for his acorn right anxiously,
And found, where he planted, a noble tree:
"Said I not," croaked the Raven, "a house for me?"

Again Time sped onwards; the stately halls
Had melted away to old crumbling walls,
Some ivied arches—a mouldering keep,
And the old grey church where the Barons sleep.
Again the Raven came over the sea,
Again he cawed loud from his own oak-tree,
Where spread its broad branches triumphantly.
"I build my house strong—croak, croak, croak,"
quoth he!

VENICE.

Look where she sits so blythe on the water,
Robed like a queen, in her royal attire,
Wearing the garment sunbeams have wrought her,
Various with colour, sparkling with fire.

Many a tribute Ocean has brought her,
Laying his offerings at her white feet,
How fair she is old masters have taught her,
Poets sung to her in melodies sweet.

Art has embellish'd, great builders crowned her
With column, mosaic, bell-tower and dome—
Dearer by far the sunbeams around her,
And warm azure Ocean, her cradle, her home.

SONG OF THE CLOUD.

I WAS born in a nest on the mountain's breast,
I was cradled on flowers of snow,
I was fed on the scent that the pine trees lent
From their home on the crags below :—
And the stars, each alone on his golden throne,
Would send me sharp rays of light,
And I watched the moon smile from her lonely isle,
As she clomb the steep hill of night :
But at earliest dawn, with the radiant morn,
The glad sun's warm kiss to me came,
And I left the safe rest of my mountain nest
Upborne in his arms of flame :
Then from blissful death, the west wind's strong breath
Snatched my light form swiftly away,
And hung me in air, like wrought lacework rare,
On the soft blue skirts of the day.
Now I play with the breeze, as it comes from the trees
Where the blossoms of earth are hung,
And I float o'er the hills, on whose babbling rills
My form, in soft shadow, is flung :

But I yearn for the hour when the Sun God's power
Shall updraw me to him on high,
Though I know in the bliss of that rapturous kiss
I shall die, I shall die, I shall die.

THE JUNGFRAU INTERVIEWED.

"WHAT dost thou with thy lap full of snow?
Tell me, Jungfrau, I fain would know."

"I throw it, by handfuls, up to the skies;
It changes to clouds, and away it flies."

"Clouds upon clouds have flown away;
Yet, Jungfrau, thy lap is full to-day."

"The skies they pelted me back again,
And I froze into snow what they sent in rain."

"Of clouds there are plenty, Jungfrau, Jungfrau.
What wilt thou do with the snow thou hast now?"

"Send it, in rivers, to water the plain
Then bid the sun call it to me back again."

"How will it reach thee, Jungfrau, Jungfrau—
How will it reach thee? Answer me now."

"It will reach me in music, the song of the hours,
The dews of the morn—the scent of the flowers."

"Car'st thou for these, then? so lonely, so grey—
Dread figure that stands at the portals of day?"

"I care for all beauty, the mantle of light
Sunset flings round me—the stars of the night,

As they rest on my forehead—not lonely, not grey—
Mine the first kiss of morn—the last smile of day.'

BOLNEY SPECTRAL BOATMAN.

SHE pushed her boat into the stream,
Tall and fair she stood.
"Lady," I cried, "my warning heed,
Near not yon haunted wood.

"For where its gloomy shadow deep
The sullen river hides,
There, when the daylight fades away,
The spectral boatman glides.

"With woe, unutterable woe,
His face is stern and pale,
And those who meet him smile no more—
So runs the peasant's tale."

The lady laughed, then steered her barque
Straight for the haunted shore;
I watched her slender, yielding form
Bend to the rhythmic oar.

Bolney Spectral Boatman

She passed beneath the sombre boughs,
  Like ray of wand'ring light
That, lost 'mid evening's dewy clouds,
  Dies, quenched in tears of night.

That eve I watched the stars shine out,
  I watched the pale moon rise,
I watched until the early morn
  Reddened the eastern skies.

Long months I watched, or madly sought,
  But watched or sought in vain.
The river kept its secret well—
  She never came again.

Last night, a wand'ring friend declares,
  The spectral barque was there,
And the weird boatman's arm upheld
  A maiden tall and fair.

He gazed on her with kindly eyes—
  She smiled like happy day,
And so, my wand'ring friend declares,
  The weird barque glid away.

KING DEATH.

WHERE dwells there a greater Monarch
Than who wears England's crown?
The ruler of her realms, the heir
Of ages of renown.
From southern ice to northern snow,
From east to balmy west,
Where is the land that doth not know
Old England's lion crest?

With pomp and pride we crown our kings,
Loud shout and cannon's roar
Echoing o'er the subject waves
That guard our English shore.
Oh, well bestowed are pomp and state,
Shrill trump and echoing gun,
On one who reigns 'neath Europe's clouds,
'Neath India's burning sun.

That sun no greater monarch sees
In his wide daily round—
No greater? Hear that fun'ral hymn,
That drum's deep, muffled sound.
Proud England's world-known banner
Trails in the dust to-day,
And on her Monarchs' throne there reigns
A greater far than they.

King Death

For King Death is in her palace,
  King Death is on her throne,
And he claims his subjects' homage,
  Hot tear and stifled groan.
He is crowned in the black-hung church,
  Where the wintry light falls dim,
And the slow funereal march
  Is his coronation hymn.

But the crown on his grisly brow
  Is jewelled with human tears,
His pall-like mantle shrouds a throne
  Raised high on human fears;
And the deep heart-rending sighs
  The living give the dead,
Proclaim his royal state, and float
  As incense round his head.

Alone in her stately palace—
  Her power all vain to save—
Wildly mourns England's widowed Queen,
  Her heart in her Prince's grave;
While, his hand on the vacant throne,
  Laughing with ghastly mirth,
Dread Death grasps his iron sceptre,
  Sole mighty King of Earth.

WHITHER?

WHITHER do ye wing your way,
Crimson clouds of parting day?
Are ye Couriers of the Sun?
Do ye before his coursers run,
Bright heralds of the coming light,
To nations wrapped in shades of night?
Or do ye wing your airy flight
To steep Olympus' lofty height,
There to bid young Aurora rise,
Haste away to the eastern skies,
Wider their golden portals throw,
Morning's roseate banner show,
Summon the breeze, sprinkle the dew,
The strength of each frail flower renew,
Ere the great Lord of Day appear,
To chase away the darkness drear
And heavy clouds, in headlong flight
To lands late golden with his light?
Whither do ye wing your way,
Crimson clouds of parting day?

HER PICTURE.

Thy face still gazes back on me,
Through mists of bygone years;
Thy gentle voice still speaks to me,
From the far-off spheres.

Sorrow and fear, thy earthly robe,
Hath fallen from thee now,
I see thee through my gathering tears,
A radiance on thy brow.

A light that shone not there of old,
A smile more gladly gay,
And oh! the love in the sweet voice
That sounds so far away.

Thou'rt coming, from thy far-off home,
To cheer me, weeping here;
Yes, I shall clasp thee, once again—
Feel thy dear heart beat near.

Thou'rt here!—Oh broken vision!
I'm sitting lonely, now,
With the fitful firelight burning,
On my mother's pictured brow.

FAR OFF.

THE race of life is quickly run,
Another world is near.
This green earth gone, this sweet life done
Lord, teach me not to fear.

I fear not now thy mighty powers ;
Love is thy truest name.
With op'ning flowers, thou mark'st the hours,
The sun, Lord, is thy flame,

And the sweet air I breathe, this morn,
Thy vivifying breath.
In life thou carest for me, Lord,
And thou wilt care in death.

So think I, now, when health is strong,
And thought is free and clear,
'Tis summer now—the day is long,
Far off the night of fear.

Far down life's sands lies death's dark sea,
But I know the tide will flow,
And the ebb will bear me with it,
Whither its billows go.

Is it Murder or Suicide ?

When health is gone, and thought obscured,
  Those mighty waters near,
Then teach me, Lord, mid pain endured,
  Then teach me not to fear.

IS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE?

Why does the aspen quiver?
  There is no wind to-day;
All stilly hang the willow leaves
  From every slender spray.

I sailed past, in the moonlight,
  'Twas scarce twelve hours ago;
My sails were filled, but the aspen leaves,
  They did not quiver so.

Then the lilies' silv'ry blooms
  Slept, safely sheltered there,
And daisies whisper'd, from the bank,
  Dreams to the soft night air.

But now that flowery bank
  Is trodden into mud,
Save where a scarlet poppy stains
  It brown, with spots like blood.

And the lilies all are bruised,
While, though 'tis summer's prime,
A branch hangs from the trembling tree,
Red as in autumn time,

Pointing with gory finger,
Down to the stream below;
Then I bent to the wave, and saw—
Saw what I feared to know.

What makes the aspen quiver?
Does the poppy hint the tale?
What shape lies at its shudd'ring root?
Why is my cheek so pale?

DONALD OF GLEN RYDD.

A FRAGMENT.

"OFF!" said the hunter—bound on bound,
His steed regained the plain;
He stayed for neither sight nor sound,
Nor glanced he back again;

But onward, still, o'er hill and dale,
Till horse and man were worn,
And then, glad sound, upon the gale
He heard his clansman's horn.

Donald of Glen Rydd

"What, Oswald, ho," he cried, "haste, haste
Narrow escape is mine.
Summon my men, no minute waste,
Those villains make no sign.

"And yet, behind yon trees, I swear
That they are lying hid,
A score of them—their leader's there,
Wild Donald of Glen Rydd.

"I hate him with a deadly hate,
Fair Helen's love he won.
For that will I my vengeance slake,
Ere sinks yon westring sun.

"Ho, follow—no fatigue I feel,
No weariness I know;
I'll have him yet beneath my heel,
My deadly treach'rous foe."

Down went the bright, warm sun, that night,
In robes of purple hid,
But, cold and white—a ghastly sight—
Lay Donald of Glen Rydd.

That night, around his ancient hall,
Loud rose the Banshee's cry;
His dog howled, and a dying call
The wild west wind swept by.

His mother cried: "The Banshee wails,
And Donald's voice I hear.
Go seek my son, my courage fails,
And my soul faints with fear."

They sought, they found, but love was there,
Pale sights of death amid.
Cold in the arms of Helen fair
Lay Donald of Glen Rydd.

But he who laid wild Donald low
Would die, too, so to rest,
Wrapped in fair Helen's arms of snow,
Cradled on her warm breast.

A VENETIAN FÊTE.

Last night I went off to the Court,
To the Court of Titania the Queen.
She held high revel in Venice,
And her fairies arranged the whole scene.

The first invitation sent out
Was to Colour, who lives in Sunlight.
The Seraph accepted and brought
His best rainbows to brighten the night.

The Hosts of the Firmament, next,
Had a card, and so sweetly expressed;
They all donned their starriest crowns,
And each one hurried after the rest.

He who ruled over the revels
Order'd "Mortals had better be there
Inferior far to Fairies,
Yet still—it is said—some are fair."

So they came, in their gondolas dark,
And their tall poppès swayed to the oar,
Like forests that bend to the breeze,
As it blows from some far-distant shore.

Words without Music

Sly Puck and his myrmidons came,
And held lights on each steel-vizored prow,
Or rode the brazen sea horses,
With mischievous shouts of "Start now!"

But Silence, with finger on lip,
Gave swift warning that Music was near,
And, at once, each oar checked its beat,
As all listened, the sweet sounds to hear.

Old Doges came out of their tombs,
At the call of the soft thrilling voice,
I saw them, whate'er you may think,
Pacing round the old home of their choice

And when all was ready, the Moon
Brought Titania's sweet self, in her car—
She bent from her silvery seat,
As she called to her Fairies from far.

But I cannot recall the words
That I heard her Elf Majesty say,—
For all seems a dream of the night,
When I seek to recall it by day.

BELLS OF FLORENCE.

Sitting high among the housetops,
I heard the bells of Florence call
To each other, loudly clanging
From each Campanilè tall;
Slow swinging, swinging to and fro,
Shouting now, now whispering low.

"See," they called in voice exultant:
"The centuries have left us fair.
Where are they who dwelt beneath us,
When first we swung in fields of air?
Gone, gone their sons, their sons' sons too—
We, only we, are old, yet new."

Soon I heard the mountains laughing
(Faint summer thunder stirred the air).
"Oh," they cried, "ye Baby Bell-towers
When dawned your birth-morn *we* were there,
And we murmured low the thought
That your listening Giotto caught."

"Garlands of snow-roses wearing
'Mid our soft robes of misty light,
In glad pomp we celebrated
Fair Florence rising from the night;
And oft we talked, from eve to morn,
With our great sons in Florence born.

"Young, we hailed their mighty advent—
And young we saw their thoughts arise,
Dome and church and sculptured turret,
Like marble florets mid the skies:
Still young when ye in ruins lie,
Vain Bells, still young, we'll o'er ye sigh."

SHE!

She comes—
The sun breaks forth in splendour,
Flooding my universe with light.
She speaks—
The small-winged minstrels lend her
Their sweetest tones, for my delight.
She smiles—
Earth's parterres bloom yet brighter;
Vanished is each thought of sadness.
She laughs—
And ocean calm has dight her
In thousand rippling waves of gladness.
She sleeps—
Peace stills each wild commotion,
Brooding in the quiet air.
She dies—
Black night wraps earth and ocean,
But blacker still my soul's despair.

ONCE MORE?

Once more, O Venice, shall I behold thee?
Oh had I the wings of the seagull, to fly
To where the fair city, with tower crowned and turr
Looks at herself in the ocean, for aye!
Stately she sits beside the bright waters,
And wears, as a robe, the blue of the sky,
Fringed with green seaweed, like gay banners waving;
So wave earth's green cornfields when summer is nigh.
Heaves her warm breast 'neath its girdle of sea-foam,
Sea breezes fan her soft-glowing cheek,
Amid her bright tresses the Winged Lion couches;
So sits she for ever, the sea at her feet.

LOVE'S WITCHERY.

She is not fair in other's sight,
And once not in my own,
Yet now I see her robed in light,
So lovely she has grown.

No blue looks out from her soft eyes,
But only common grey,
Yet from their light, as from sunrise,
Arose my perfect day.

For once—well I remember, yet,
That wood of beech and pine,
Where, wandering slow, our glances met,
And her soul spoke to mine,

And said, in one short hurried flash
My soul was quick to see,
Ere hidden by the drooping lash,
"I love thee well—love me."

Then Love the Beautifier sprung
To life within my breast,
And round her form his witch'ry flung,
And in soft col'ring drest.

At Venice

Yes, Love indeed is life and light,
  A spark of fire divine,
And she is loveliest in my sight
  Whose heart, whose soul is mine.

AT VENICE.

Bear me along, O swift gondola,
Gazing down to the water below,
Where, wondering at her own beauty,
Venice sees her fair face all aglow:
Aglow with the Sun's burning kisses,
With the joy of his mantle of flame.
Ah, Venice, sweet Poesie built thee,
And Music's self gave thee thy name.

PROPHETIC.

THERE's a Giant that stays by Naples town,
And he smokes a pipe, all day,
By night he lights up a jolly good fire,
Sits by it, and puffs away.

This Giant he hath a good appetite,
Yes, a hungry man is he,
He eateth a town or a city, quite,
When he walketh to the sea.

He watcheth for ever fair Naples town,
So gay and so bright to see;
"Ah, some day," he saith, "some day I'll come down,
Fair Naples, and dine off thee."

SNOWDROP'S COMPLAINT.

(BORN IN DULL WEATHER.)

EARTH'S fragile flower—her firstborn one—
I wear a mournful grace;
It is because my Lord the Sun
Looks not upon my face.

Snowdrop's Complaint

I only wear pale green and white
  Peeping above the snow,
For she who is forsaken quite
  No other tint may show.

Soon Crocus comes in gold attire—
  The liv'ry of my Lord—
Her baptism of sunny fire
  Pierces me like a sword.
Tall Daffodil will upward grow,
  And wave her yellow head,
Laughing to see her hero glow
  In western waves of red.

In sleep I see these visions bright—
  Oh, send me but one ray;
Before my petals close in night,
  Sun, let me see the day!

THE OLD HOUSE.

Dear old House by the river!
  I love thy gabled face,
The red-tiled roof, the chimneys tall,
  That mark the pleasant place;
The creepers running up thee,
  The flowers against thy wall,
The nesting birds about thee,
  The sheep-bells' distant call.

Words without Music

At night, when lamps are lighted,
Within thy pleasant rooms,
Sharp shafts of light thou sendest
To pierce the deep'ning glooms;
Far down into the river
The friendly radiance falls,
And it cheers old Father Thames
Within his crystal halls.

For Thames loves well thy beauty,
And on his yielding breast
Oft wears thy pictured semblance,
In water-colours drest.
He rears for thee pale lilies,
He sings a pleasant song,
And gaily, for thy pleasure,
He bears thy barques along.

Dear House! I sometimes fancy—
Strange though the fancy be—
Some spirit lingers in thee,
With kindly thought of me,
Who whispers cheering fancies,
Gives pleasant, dream-fraught sleep,
Who smiles when I am happy,
And saddens when I weep.

Sir Steam Engine

Life's river rushes onward,
And soon its hurrying tide
Will bear me far, far from thee,
Dear old House of my pride ;
But I think my spirit freed
Will seek again Thame's shore,
Where smiles into his waters
The old House, loved of yore.

SIR STEAM ENGINE.

Who gallops so fast o'er the sunny plain,
Like a knight of the olden time,
While, far behind him, his white plume floats,
Like that knight's in the ancient rhyme ?

The swift steed he strides is in iron clad,
His Company follows as fast—
Company, Rider and Steed all veiled
By the shade that the soft plumes cast.

When the murk night falls, then another comes,
He too gallops right fast and well ;
His roar means despair, his plume is fire,
Ah, sure 'tis some fiend from hell.

Oh Gentles come tell me who is the knight
Who rides with white plumes all the day,
But, with burning breath and plume of fire,
Through the black night gallops away ?

HEAR ME!

HEAR me, when I call to thee,
God in heaven most high;
Thou that hear'st the murmuring bee,
And send'st the butterfly
The sun, the glowing warmth, the quickening light
That call it forth from earth and cold and night,
Send me thy light, that my soul's wings may spread,
All torn and bruised they fall, all cold and dead.

Thou see'st the lilies, Lord, they lie
Pent in their earthy cell;
Thou spread'st soft azure o'er the sky,
Thy rain falls where they dwell,
And soon their fragrance, as an incense rare,
To thee uprises through the dewy air.
On my soul's virtues let thy soft rains fall;
Pent in dull earth they lie—break thou their prison wall.

ALL MINE.

I TALKED with mighty Ocean,
His voice was low and sweet,
While little prattling billows
Came rippling to my feet.

All Mine

Not far, a white-winged vessel
  Anchored, each sail at rest,
And Ocean gently rocked her,
  Like a baby on his breast.

Eve came, and great Apollo
  Chose Ocean for his bed,
And dyed his heaving pillow
  Bright gold and ruby-red.

Then the silent, solemn night
  Shook out her dusky hair,
And showed the diamond sparks
  That shone and glittered there.

Then came the gentle whisper
  Of the sweet summer breeze,
Murmuring softly to me
  Of other lands and seas.

It seemed that whispering stillness
  No ears drank in but mine,
No sight but mine, mine only,
  Gazed on that soft starshine.

That silent world seemed all my own,
  I drank night's dewy wine,
Low murmuring to my listening soul,
  "This Universe is mine."

EARTH-BOUND.

Lark singing high in the blue-grey sky,
Far down lies the sand, in a golden glow,
Thou hast left thy nest in the gorse below,
Left it to wander in fields of air.
Whom art thou singing to ? What seeking there ?
The blue sky shining above thee so,
The yellow sand gleaming below, below.

"I sing 'All hail' to the spirit pale
That passed me, now, with a shuddering moan ;
The spirit mourned for his lost earth-home
(Shivering cold in the keen spring air),
For the earth he loved, and his sweet home there.
I sang, 'God-speed to a home on high !'
'My home is on earth,' was his sad reply."

LIFE.

No sound save the plash of the dripping oar,
Or the birds' soft call from the wooded shore ;
A world above us, a world below,
Glassed in the waters, onward we go.
Whither ? Ah, whither ?

Life

Seaward we go, where the blue river wills,
Yet not always onward, sometimes she stills
Her swift, rushing tide, and we stop to play
Mid the osiers dank and the blossoms gay.
What then? What then?

Where fish 'neath the shade of the green boughs lie,
Where kingfishers dart, like blue sunbeams, by,
Where the willow weeps on the river's breast,
In the noontide heat, there we rest, we rest.
Not long! Not long!

Ah, no! we are caught by the tide once more,
Again we float idly—we ply no oar,
While the sun, in purple and crimson drest,
Sinks slowly down in the gorgeous west.
Take heed! Take heed!

How the river widens! steer for the shore!
How the current strengthens! ply, ply the oar!
Oh to regain the beckoning land!
Ocean is near—and black night is at hand.
Farewell! Farewell!

THE MESSAGE.

Carry my message, birdie; fly swiftly,
Rest on the dark cloud that hangeth so low;
Rise to the silvery peaks far above it,
Swoop, on swift wing, to the valley below.

Bird of the strong wing, sing out my message,
Sing it aloud to the calm, quiet plain;
Sing!—I have sent my soul in thy accents,
From the strange, far land where yet I remain.

Tell of the snow-peaks shining above me,
Sing of the odorous fir-forests round,
Tell of the wastes, drear and stony, above them,
From whose cold, hard bosom the strong torrents bound.

Tell the fair plain I forget not her beauties,
Soft verdant meadows, cool wandering streams;
While in the far distance, veiled in blue æther,
The dark forest glooms, the wild ocean gleams.

Then wing thy way back, bird of the strong wing,
Pass over ice-tops, rest on the cloud,
Pour out the message of woodland and moorland,
And what the sea told thee, oh, sing it aloud.

CONSOLATION.

I took my tears, and placed them
  Within a crystal shrine,
And laid them, Lord most Holy,
  At those pierced feet of thine.

I waited long, and listened;
  At length a whisper low
Thrilled through me: "Mourner, tell me
  The source from whence they flow."

"Love, love, all bruised and bleeding,
  Lies moaning in my heart.
Oh, hush his sad complaining,
  Or bid him thence depart."

Again the still voice thrilled me:
  "Sad mortal, bear thy lot;
Better the pain where love is
  Than joy where love is not."

ASLEEP.

He slumbers, on the rounded cheek
The long curved lashes delicately sleep.
Oh, rare, dark eyes, so rarely hid
Beneath the closed and heavy-fringed lid!
Oh, sweet, grave mouth, where dimpled mirth
Will, smiling, reign, when morning lights the earth,
And wakes my fair flower, with day's cheerful beam,
To happy life, from childhood's happy dream.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Sleep, Baby, sleep!
Each flower, within its pearly cup,
Its fragrant soul hath gathered up.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!
And the sleepy, sleepy stars so wink
They'll fall out of the sky, I think.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!
Wing-covered is each small bird's head,
Rest, Baby, in thy little bed,
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

Fast closed is the moon's eye bright;
She fell so fast asleep, last night,
(Sleep, Baby, sleep!)
That she will sleep for many a day,
Before she shines again, they say.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

An Unsent Letter

The wind wakes, for I hear her sigh,
But she only singeth lullaby,
(Sleep, Baby, sleep !),
Lullaby to each floweret wild,
Lullaby to my little child.
Sleep, Baby, sleep !
All creatures in earth's green arms rest,
Sleep, Baby, on thy mother's breast.
Sleep, Baby, sleep !

AN UNSENT LETTER.

BRIGHT and beautiful, dear Fred, the river looks to-day,
As when, a year ago, she bore you and your gun away ;
And the lilies sit, as then they sat, by their little tables green,
Erect and dignified, as if each thought herself a queen.
And bright-winged things, and cooing doves, keep flying as of yore,
All in and out the shady trees, and up and down the shore.
And Mr. Reid's half-builded house a mansion quite has grown,
And Mr. Crocker's come to live in the house that's next our own.
And Oscar's grown a charming dog, obedient and all that,
And jumps into the water, now, like any water-rat.

But he looks at me with asking eyes, as those dog creatures do,
And in his poor dumb soul he means, I think, to ask of you.
And in our boat, the *Dewdrop*, the girls spend happy hours,
Darting up and down the stream, like wingèd human flowers.
The flower upon the *Dewdrop*, sunshine on the flower,
Queens with youth for magic realm, the future for their dower—
I wish, Fred, you were coming, for I miss you every day;
I miss your laugh, I miss your voice, I miss you every way.
It is as if the sun had lost his warmest beam of light,
One gem, the brightest, fallen from the jewelled brow of night.
And when the sweet-voiced breezes come with magic tone,
Their voice has lost the cadence glad they once caught from your own.
But I tell the sunshine and the stars and my impatient heart,
The New Year comes, and Fred will be of the New Year a part.
Then speed, Time, take the sunshine, slay each floweret dead,
Bring frost and snow and winter—bring mirth and fun—bring Fred.

A SENT LETTER

* * * * darling, I am sitting
In the copse upon the hill,
And the early flowers of spring-time
Are blooming all around me, still.
And the little birds are singing
Songs of love from every tree,
Seeming, as I sit here lonely,
To be singing them for me.
And heat has hung her misty mantle
O'er the hills and valleys round,
And bees and flies and tiny insects
Make the silence full of sound.
Last night, leaning from my lattice,
I heard the lonely cuckoo call;
'Twas the charmèd hour of midnight,
Brightly shone the moon o'er all,
Changing all the earth to silver,
Changed, itself, this morn, to gold—
Gold that fringes every leaflet,
Gilds the dewy, moss-grown mould.
A tiny voice, this minute, reached me;
The curly bluebell you see here
Begged the wind to whisper to me,
"Send me to your daughter dear."

Then a bolder cowslip ventured,
With its own voice, thus to sigh,
"Soon my buds will vanish. Send me,
Send me to her, ere I die."
Then there came a rush of voices,
And all their burden was of thee,
So I took this scrap of paper,
Wrote their message on my knee.
But I cannot send the woodland,
So I send the first that spoke,
And bid them whisper to my daughter,
"Send Mamma a little note."

THE RIVER TO E AND A.

The beautiful river was silently flowing,
And the stars looked down through each leafless tree,
And though autumn was past, yet roses were blowing,
And peeped in at the window, at Annie and me.

The river said, "Stay with us yet a while longer;
Fine sport I will make you when winter is here,
When my volume is greater, my current is stronger,
And I tumble in foam o'er the ice-adorned weir.

"Then I'll enter your snow-covered garden, and weave you,
In lieu of the flowers, a blue carpet of cold,
Gleaming water, all quivering and restless, nor leave you
Till I've flashed back rich sunsets in purple and gold.

Think of Me

" Then my children, the Swans, will miss you so sadly ;
I have seen how they haunt by your green mossy lawn :
They will call on their Edmund and Annie quite madly,
And the Cygnet will grieve that he ever was born.

" Stay then, and see the truth of my story,
Nor let ice and snow cause you needless alarms,
For 'tis true that, though age has made rough winter hoary,
Yet he holds his child, Beauty, clasped close in his arms."

THINK OF ME.

When the evening dews are falling,
When the breeze of evening sighs,
When the flowerets home are calling
Their gay friends, the butterflies,
Then, my dear one, think of me
When the stars peep down at thee:

When silence wraps the weary earth,
When each murmur dies away,
To which the busy day gave birth,
Dying with the dying day,
In that stillness think of me,
Darling, for I think of thee.

Words without Music

In Earth's most silent hour of rest,
Alone doth sleepless Ocean wake;
No quiet knows his heaving breast,
Still on each shore his white waves break;
Below, his palaces are bright
With flowers of phosphorescent light.

Then when he murmureth to the skies,
If by his white waves you stray,
What time the stars ope shining eyes,
And pale moonbeams mimic day,
Then let Ocean speak of me,
Slumbering then, to dream of thee.

THE TIME TO BE.

A YOUTH stood on a jutting rock,
On a wild and lonely shore,
And the billows broke around him,
With fierce and hungry roar,
But he laughed aloud, as, in misty cloud, the waves came tumbling in,
And talked to the sea, in a voice that he made heard above the din.

"I like your song, ye fierce old waves,
A song of the days of old;

Ye hurled it against the ships' strong ribs,
That bore the Vikings bold.
And if it be true that a Syren you hide mid your feathery spray,
Bid her sing me a song of the brave and strong old world that has passed away.

The mighty men, the women fair,
Embalmed in ancient story—
Sing, Syren, sing, and listen, Sea,
With me to that tale of glory."
Then the waves were still, and, with solemn thrill, a voice rose from the sea :
"The past is fled, peace to the dead. I sing of the time to be."

The youth cried, "No ! sing of the past,
When man was as a god,
Tall and strong and heavenly fair,
As the beautiful soil he trod."
"The past is cold," the sweet voice told, "the present warm with life,
And the future's story, writ in glory, shall be full of nobler strife.

The good against the evil ways,
The false against the true,
Then Crime shall be the Minotaur
Some Theseus shall subdue,

And peace shall be the golden fleece new Jasons shall bring home."

As the voice sung, these accents rung across the spell-bound foam.

The Syren sung till Ocean, grown
Wild with the melody,
Let loose his steeds from hollow caves:
They bounded o'er the sea,

And, with rumbling din, came tumbling in upon the rocky shore,

Till the sweet, sweet sound those wild waves drowned, and the voice was heard no more.

ELEGY.

THE dear Old Year is dying!
Slowly he sinketh to his rest,
His arms are folded on his breast,
And the wintry wind is wailing
For the friend whose life is failing,
Failing mid the snow.

The happy Year is dying!
Clouds their fleecy tears have shed,
To softly clothe his earthly bed.
Nature mourns, in pallid white,
Him who must die at twelve to-night
Die amid the snow.

Elegy

The Old Year lies a-dying!
By his couch the Young Year stands,
Frosty jewels on his hands;
Fair, beneath his sparkling vest,
The baby Spring clings to his breast,
And smiles amid the snow.

Ah, I fear thee, coming Year;
Though thy fostering arms enclose
Spring's pale flowers, June's glowing rose,
Fate may read some stern decree
Graven on thy brow, for me,
Read it mid the snow.

Yes, I mourn thee, dying Year.
Well I know what thou hast wrought me,
The joy, the sorrow, thou hast brought me
And the radiant young New Year
May come to me, with many a tear,
Born mid the cold snow.

Hark! the bells are ringing.
Dead he lies upon his bier,
And my soul is faint with fear.
Strong New Year, take not away
The gifts of him who died to-day
Died amid the snow!

IN A CANOE ON A HOT DAY.

I WONDER how it feels down there,
Where the little fishes swim;
I declare it looks so bright and cool
I'd like to tumble in—
To tumble in and sit down there
(Though I cannot swim a stroke)
Among the acorned branches of
That downward-growing oak.

It must be really growing down,
Twin from its brother stem;
I cannot reach the acorns here,
There I could gather them.
I think I will, I feel I must,
How novel it would be
To look up at the root and stem,
While sitting in the tree!

They'll fish me out, and all will say,
"How sad! We always knew
She ought not to have gone about
In that little light canoe.
How foolish!" *I* shall not be there,
Though they will fish me out.
I wonder, while they're pitying me,
What I shall be about.

In a Canoe on a Hot Day

I suppose that, to begin with,
From the water I shall rise,
All dripping wet, and haste to seek
A lodging in the skies.
There are just a few up there,
Whom once I used to know;
They loved me here—but ah! it is
So very long ago.

A father, in whose loving eyes,
Once, I could do no wrong,
Who said my foolish laughter
To him was sweetest song;
Who thought my smile all brightness,
And told me he could spare
All others from his home, so I
Would stay and chatter there.

A son—does he remember
The slender girlish form
That bent above the cradle
Where he slept soft and warm?
Ah! o'er his golden, baby head,
What bitter tears did flow;
I almost broke my girlish heart
For him—long, long ago.

Where hast thou led me, foolish rhyme,
Begun in idle play ?
And now—and now my eyes are wet
My heart will ache all day.
Well, I'll leave this past and future,
I'll end as I begin—
How pleasant it must be down there,
Where the small fishes swim !

SENT BACK.

Sing ! grey bird, with wing so bright,
Crested head, and eye of light—
Sing to us of the golden sun
I saw, ere yesterday was done.
There, high up in western clouds,
You had left the vessel's masts and shrouds,
You had left the ocean's briny spray,
To the sun, to the sun, you had soared away.
I saw thee through the heavens gliding,
Heaven's azure with thy wing dividing,
Seeking each link with earth to sever,
Rising, soaring, ever—ever.

But thou hast returned, O bird of light ;
Through the quiet and peace of the dewy night,
Thou hast sought thy home on the restless sea,
Back to the winged ship—back to me.

Sent Back

There's a light, a new light, in thy golden eye,
On thy ever-bright wing a yet brighter dye.
Thou hast been to the sun, to the western sun
Ere he sunk in the twilight shadows dun.
He is rising again, all rosy and red,
From the sleep he has slept in his eastern bed.

Look at him, Birdling, then whisper to me
What he said, ere he slept in his glory, to thee.
Then the beautiful bird nestled warm to my breast:
" He bade me, sweet mistress, return to my nest,
To be dazzled no more by the splendour above;
For if there there was light, on earth there was love."

A CHURCH WINDOW.

Changing tints of blue and amber
  Play on the old church wall,
Mingling with the dancing shadows
  That from the elm-tree fall.

Bare and grey is the old church wall,
  Undecked by fern or flower;
Whence, then, the rainbow-tinted hues
  That grace it at this hour?

Colour-laden light falls on it,
Light from a painted pane,
And its hues of gold and purple
Live on the wall again.

A pane stained by some painter old,
With holy, quaint device
Of saints and doves and angel forms,
Floating in Paradise.

Dead, long dead, is that painter old,
Forgotten; none can say
Where cunning hand, discerning eye,
Lie wrapped in parent clay.

But the soul in his painted pane
Still the old wall doth grace,
As the light of a kindly mind
Smiles from some quiet face.

Still it sends its glowing image
Down on the quiet graves,
Where, it seems, the blazing banner
Immortality waves.

TIME-DEFYING.

Old Boulder, thou shouldst be all worn and grey,
And crumbling 'neath the hand of Time; decay
Should be thy portion, thou art born of earth,
Where men lose fast, with beauty, strength and mirth.
Yet partial summer garlands still thy brow
With her most-favoured children; grace enow
Doth tinted flower bestow, and pendant maidenhair,
To tempt the radiant wanderers of the air
To spread their jewelled wings, and hover there,
Where hums the bee his drowsy summer song,
And grasshoppers, the golden moss among,
Chirp merrily; while, high in air, and loud,
Sings the glad lark to every passing cloud;
Anon he swoops to earth, to find his nest,
With bluebell and the purple heather drest,
At thy broad base. Oh, ancient one, to whom
Fate sends long sunshine ere thy night of gloom,
Teach man thy secret. From his fated race
Soon doth youth wear away; with vigorous pace
Old age comes on. The blooming child, who smiles
Upon our knee, and with his talk beguiles
The longest day, sees the grim form afar;
His bright cheek fades, his eyes so blue—our star
Of life—freeze into grey, and locks of gold
Lose their bright hue for one all pale and cold.

Whilst thou, the while, hast, each succeeding year,
Won some new beauty; to whom upon this sphere
Is fate so kind? Old Boulder, beauty-clad,
Teach Man thy secret: make age strong and glad.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

Look up to the heaven so bright,
See yon clouds so shining white,
  Meet angel's couch they seem.
Across the blue expanse they drift,
The wind their driver: oh how swift
  They fly before his breath!
An angel is there—the Angel of Death.

He is hastening to the ocean,
Placid it smiles, and soft the motion
  Of its little wavelets green,
Foam-crowned by the Sea-Nymph's hand,
With, here and there, a silver band
  Girdling them with light;
But the clouds come on, now no longer white.

For Death has veiled his bright array
In mists of sombre iron grey.

Angel of Death

The playful waves are stilled,
And Earth and Ocean silence keep,
Soon to rouse from their fearful sleep,
At the Storm-Angel's frown,
As, in demon's semblance, he rushes down.

His wild eyes seem the lightning's glare,
His breath to scorch the troubled air,
And Ocean sighs and groans—
Sighs for the ship so bravely borne
On crested waves, at tranquil morn,
Still eve and starry night,
Now gallantly fighting a hopeless fight.

His prey is claimed, and, earth forsaking,
Death departs: the sun, awaking,
Sees him once more enshrined
In stormy clouds of shining white,
Rising, rising, till, lost to sight
In the heaven's high dome,
Angelic once more, he wings his way home.

Terrible angel whom we name Death,
Why wilt thou claim our struggling breath,
In such wild terrors clad?
Softly come, in the lovely form
Thou wearest above. Oh, leave the storm,
The lightning and the wind,
Lull us to our rest with looks soft and kind.

For, like a bright but distant star,
We gaze on heaven from afar,
  And cannot choose but weep,
To leave the earth that loves us well,
The sea that sobs our dying knell;
  Nor do they scorn to show
Their beauty, striving to bind us here below.

Come to us, then, arrayed in light,
As when thou standest in the sight
  Of Him who dwells on high;
Then, when we see thee by our side,
Then shall we know thee, radiant guide
  To a more radiant sphere,
And follow willingly, nor wish to linger here.

SPIRIT OF FIRE.

Rise to thy bourne amid the stars,
Flame, most beautiful Spirit of Fire—
White flames to Venus, the red to Mars,
Soar on the burning wing of desire.

But linger yet, most beautiful thing;
Warm, first, our cold hearths with thy glowing
  breath;
Stay yet the flight of thy rushing wing;
Vital force, fight our battle with death.

An Alpine Plant

Born of the sun, a god's gift to man,
Stored, æons ago, in the sheltering earth—
Stored for man's use, ere man's race began,
Now leaping away to the shore of thy birth.

Come not too near us, O thou bright death
Too warm thy heart, too glowing thy kiss;
Yet so genial thy voice, so dear thy warm breath,
Eden without thee would scarcely be bliss.

AN ALPINE PLANT.

WHERE the torrent pours,
And the avalanche roars
To the desolate plain below,
In the torrent's bed,
At the glacier's head,
Gaily smiling amid the snow,
My leaves, slight and pale,
I spread to the gale,
As it murmurs amid the pines;
For it tells me tales
Of bright far-off vales,
And a dreamy land of vines,
Where the waters haste,
Whose bright spray I taste,

Where they rest from their strife and toil,
'Neath the broad green leaves
Where the silkworm weaves,
And orbed orange-trees deck the soil.
And I glance below,
To the sparkling snow,
To the pure white snow I love,
And I raise my head,
By the torrent's bed,
To the clear blue dome above,
Whose sunbeams play
On the torrent's spray,
On the gilded cataract's foam,
And I care no more
For the vine-clad shore,
For the snow is my chosen home.

TO THE COTSWOLDS.

Cotswold, in this sunny hour
Waft a breezy kiss to me,
Seated in my daughter's bower,
With her baby on my knee.

A Pressed Fern-Leaf

A PRESSED FERN-LEAF FROM WINDERMERE SPEAKS.

Where many a giant hill
Their cloud-wrapped summits raise,
Where Windermere's blue waters
Sing their glad song of praise,
Around her laughing islets,
Whose many-coloured eyes
Peep into the sunny depths
Where, mirrored, Heaven lies—
There long I dwelt, there joined the chorus loud
Of joy from mountain, green isle, floweret, cloud

And deep within a hollow tree
Had built its little nest
A pretty bird, with merry eye,
And red upon its breast;
And I could hear the bird pour forth
(Beside the tree I dwelt)
In song, at morn and evenfall,
The rapture that it felt.
Dost thou still sing by Windermere's clear wave,
While I have found, in these white leaves, a grave?

DIDACTIC.

It suits the pretty butterfly
To roam amid the flowers,
And, sporting on the sunbeam,
To spend its few brief hours.

But sterner is man's longer life,
Nor can boys always play,
Since they, unlike the butterfly,
Live for a future day.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Touched with autumn's red decay,
I gathered these, one sunny day,
Dried them with care, then placed them here,
As record of a happy year.
One little flower of yellow hue
(Wet were his petals, still, with dew,
The scattered pearls of jewelled night)
I gathered in the glen, Fairlight—
Sweet glen, whose stream, Earth's wayward child,
Hastens to join the sea-waves wild,
By whose white margin, tree and flower
Wait, grieving o'er the parting hour.

Recollections

An ivy-leaf marks some brief hours
Spent mid Bodium's ancient towers,
Whose ivied ruins, green and grey,
Decked, here and there, with poppy gay,
Like opal, in gold framework, lay;
For corn had flushed the fields with gold,
And sunshine gilt the distant wold.
On Bodium's lake the sumbeams fell,
Gilding its silver: passing well
The water-lily played her part,
And proudly showed her golden heart.

Ah, flowers, ye tell of Hurstmonceaux,
Of many a walk and many a view—
Of Pevensey's titanic towers,
Of Battle's trim and blooming bowers,
Of green hop-gardens, abbey farms,
Of many cow(ardly) alarms,
Of Winchelsea's tree-crownèd height
And old, old church, in ivy dight,
With Rye, that climbs a hill in sight.

Ah, bright, bright hours that faded be,
The fallen leaves of life's green tree!
As autumn decks the leaflets sere
(The dying darlings of the year)
With robe of gold and crimson hue,
So memory throws her spell o'er you;
Ye pass, yet, passing, find no night,
Embalmed in her magic light.

AN ENCHANTRESS.

I KEEP a corner in my heart,
Where my loved Poesie dwells,
And there she stores her sweetest part,
Like bees in their honey cells.

And this sweet store is always mine;
Cold, cold may be the air,
The sun may send no cheering sign,
But warmth and light are there.

Warmth and light and beauty too,
The fair things of the past,
They raise their heads, they life renew,
And golden shadows cast.

In palaces I seem to dwell,
O'er ocean waves to ride;
With Puck I cross the Fairies' dell,
Through haunted halls I glide.

Ah me! what terrors meet me there!
What sounds are echoing round!
Murder is shrieking in the air,
Eyes gaze on me with icy glare;
On, on, they come, and with a bound
Horror is at my side—
"Help me! oh, help!" I wildly cry,
"Help me! oh, help, or I must die!"

And then the horror glides away,
And away, with it, flies fear;
My haunted hall is an ocean cave,
And a boat is drawing near,
Where a Sea-Nymph combs her yellow hair,
And an armed form chases fear.

It is, it is my own true Knight—
  From afar he heard my cry,
And he called a Sea-Nymph to the light,
  From her cave, as he hurried by.

He said, "I hear my true love call;
Oh, steer me across the sea!"
Kind Zephyr heard, and wafted all,
While the Sea-Maid steered, to me.
Now we leave the cave and the haunted hall,
And the Sea-Maid heard her kindred call,
As she sprang into the sea.

And now, o'er dancing waves of gladness,
Through forest glades, where never sadness
    Lurks in the joyous air,
We wander on, reach the wide earth's rim;
With bounding step we adventure, in
    A sea of azure light,
Where each star looks down 'neath its sparkling
    crown
And whispers, "Good-night, good-night."

* * * * *

'Tis pleasant to dwell where Poesie dwells,
An enchantress strong is she—
So small she can curl in the lily's sweet bell,
So vast she can fill the sea.

She can rise where each star, from its silver car,
Calls aloud for her sounding Lyre,
And bids her strike notes, to be heard afar,
In words of unquenchable fire.

Or she leaves the regions of sea and air,
To stay in some quiet home
That she will not quit—for a child is there,
One whom she claims for her own.

She sings to him, in his cradled sleep,
Of the valiant men of old,
And whispers that, in the future deep,
His story too shall be told.

It may be, this child, on a far-off shore,
Will rest in some dreary wild,
And to him will come the voices of yore,
The songs he loved when a child.

No longer he heeds the sun's burning heats
Or the thirsty desert glare;
He sees Fame's bright scroll, and his strong heart beats,
For he feels *his* name may be there.

An Enchantress

And others Poesie loves, indeed :
  Her knights of kind chivalrie ;
They fight the giants of toil and greed,
  And the demons of cruelty.

To these she whispers, in childhood's day,
  Kindly thoughts of bird and of beast,
And that each should enjoy its appointed way,
  Since heaven itself spreads their feast.

To these the sad eyes of the captive speak—
  His roar is the voice of woe—
And they reach the heart she taught to seek
  For such woes, and to say, "Not so."

Yes, 'tis pleasant to dwell where Poesie dwells,
  An enchantress strong is she—
So small she can curl in the lily's sweet bell,
  So vast she can fill the sea.

* * * * *

Then Rhyme, Belovèd, stay with me,
  Though I am worn and old,
For age is a stern, unyielding sea,
  Its sunshine holds little gold.
Help me, Belovèd, across this sea ;
  Let thy warmth pierce through its cold.

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